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MINISTERS AT GUILDHALL.

AT Guildhall on Wednesday evening every one was smiling and everything was serene. A happy Ministry met a happy Corporation. It was the fortieth birthday of the PRINCE OF WALES, and Mr. GLADSTONE was able to contribute the interesting reminiscence that he had been present forty years ago, when, not the birthday, but the birth, of the PRINCE was celebrated. The incoming Lord Mayor welcomes the Premier of the day with impartial hospitality; and men of every party might be pleasantly reminded of the continuity of English institutions by the presence of a statesman whose roll of public services extends over so long a tract of time. The LORD MAYOR could honestly say that, even in a constituency politically antagonistic to Mr. GLADSTONE, every one cordially recognized his unwearied industry and commanding ability, and trusted in the magnanimity and wisdom which he could best display by leaving the City alone. Mr. GLADSTONE responded in a fitting key that the City had lasted virtually as it is now for five hundred years, and might last for five hundred years more if only it would always elect such men as the last Lord Mayor had shown himself and as the new LORD MAYOR was sure to be. The constitution of the City is at once unique and popular, and it is popular because it is unique; and these reciprocal courtesies of Prime Ministers and Lord Mayors are never wholly unmeaning. They are at least the expressions of amiable relations between two very different representatives of popular power; and they carry on the traditional history of England even when, as on the present occasion, the great guest of the evening has nothing very much to say. Sometimes the Guildhall banquet is made the occasion of an important Ministerial announcement, in which the secrets of coming legislation are revealed or the line of a new foreign policy is foreshadowed. But Ministers cannot always have something surprising to communicate; and this time Mr. GLADSTONE had nothing novel or unexpected to reveal, except that he had at last discovered that Boycotting in Ireland means the total ruin of the livelihood of those whom it affects. Everything in the world grows, even the PREMIER'S recognition of the real facts of Irish life. Mr. GLADSTONE was prudent enough to exhibit much reserve in his anticipations of the future of Ireland; but for the present he was cheered by the thought that the blow he has struck at the Land League is heartily approved in England, and that the tenants are flocking into the Land Court. This is a legitimate source of satisfaction to the authors of the Act; but it still remains to be seen how the Act will be received when it is properly tested. The rent is in many parts of Ireland too low for the real market value; and a just Court will have to raise rents as well as lower them. When in this class of cases an equitable and fearless decision has been received with loyal acquiescence by the tenants whom it affects, Mr. GLADSTONE will be better able than he can be at present to survey his work and pronounce it good.

Lord GRANVILLE had a little more to say than Mr. GLADSTONE had. He could make a personal reference to Mr. GLADSTONE himself, and dispel the notion that there was to be a new combination by which Mr. GLADSTONE was to be eclipsed, and Lord GRANVILLE was to shine in his stead. When Lord PALMERSTON was Mr. GLADSTONE'S age

he was thought to be too old for public life, and yet had ten years of public life before him; and certainly, if Mr. GLADSTONE could learn to take things as easily as Lord PALMERSTON took them, and jog along, repressing his supporters by the aid of his opponents, there is no reason why he, too, should not be Premier when he is eighty. It is unnecessary to look too far ahead, and we may be content with noticing that Mr. GLADSTONE'S colleagues think him perfectly competent to give them guidance or Ministerial existence for the present. After a careful perusal of Lord GRANVILLE'S observations on Egypt, it must remain doubtful whether he intended really to say anything pregnant with meaning about Egypt or not. All that he said was excellent, but its excellence principally consisted in its being very safe and very negative. We are not going to dissolve our partnership with France; we are not going to remove Egypt from under the shadow of Turkey; we are not going to cease applauding the KHEDIVI when his Government adopts a new measure of reform. This is, no doubt, the right policy for the moment. To ward off a crisis, to avoid disturbing the public law of Europe, to be cautious, but not to be jealous or suspicious, is the best course an English Foreign Secretary can pursue towards Egypt while things are as they are now. But there are serious dangers menacing the Egyptian Government and the joint protectorate; and it would have been reassuring if Lord GRANVILLE had thought it consistent with his official duty not only to recognize these dangers, but to express a conviction that by the pursuance of a wise policy these dangers would disappear. Lord GRANVILLE was, however, in too cheerful a humour to depress himself or his audience by noticing anything unpleasant. And he was optimistic about the Treaty of Commerce as about everything else. He fully adopts the theory of treaties of commerce which was entertained by COBDEN twenty years ago, and has now become almost exclusively the current theory of the day. They are valued, not for their economical, but their political results. They signalize and foster friendly feelings; and this is their real use. Whether they promote Free-trade is a subordinate, and perhaps a debatable, point. The Emperor NAPOLEON, as is evident from COBDEN'S Life, made the Treaty of 1860 simply to mitigate the alarm as to his designs which had sprung up in England after the Italian war, and COBDEN thought there was something almost treacherous personally to him as a negotiator in Lord PALMERSTON'S prosecuting his fortification scheme in the face of such a pledge of amity. It cannot be denied that trade does promote friendliness, and that treaties of commerce are in this way of some real use. But it can scarcely have escaped the notice of Lord GRANVILLE'S hearers that the nation which he described as of all nations that with which we are on the most friendly terms, is one which has not resorted to this stimulus of friendship, and that we have no treaty of commerce with the United States.

Mr. GLADSTONE referred to only one great enterprise of the coming Session—the attempt to expedite the business of the House of Commons. The House does not, he said, get through its business at present, partly because it has too much to do, and partly because it does not know how to do what it tries to do. The quantity of work thrown on the House of Commons can scarcely be lessened by any change of procedure; but a change of procedure might

conceivably make it more competent to despatch the business it takes up. Mr. GLADSTONE made an appeal to Parliament and the country that the reform of Parliamentary procedure should not be regarded as a party question. Honest men of both parties may be trusted to welcome any proposals which attack recognized evils, suggest certain and legitimate remedies, do not create evils worse than those they remedy, and preserve the independence of minorities and the influence of constituencies. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is much too fair and moderate, and will be too well supported by the bulk of his party, to offer any petty and factious opposition to proposals of this character; but he cannot escape from the duty of seeing that this is the character of the proposals actually made. On any point of Parliamentary procedure and of the traditions and of the customs of the House of Commons anything said by the SPEAKER must command the most serious attention, and he gave it as his opinion at the Guildhall dinner that some kind of reform is highly desirable. And the evil for which he desired a remedy was a very distinct and precise one. He came down from the region of vague generalities to the region of specific facts. The mischief of which he complained was that there is a considerable body of members who, under cover of rules framed for other men and for other times, have asserted for themselves the monopoly of the right of public speaking, and have contrived to stifle the voice of the House, and to paralyse its action. The mischief, then, is that the wrong men will speak at the wrong time and at the wrong length. It is a mischief that seems at first to be of a comparatively simple kind; and the general body of the House of Commons would be very happy to cure it if possible. But it is a mischief exceedingly difficult to cure. Obstruction in its familiar Irish form may be dealt with, but obstruction is only one form of irrelevant loquacity. The *clôture* would prevent speeches being made beyond a certain time, but it would not prevent the allotted time being usurped by the wrong men. Nor is it easy to see how any general rule could be laid down that would hit the wrong men and would not also hit the right men. The difficulties in the way of the reform of Parliamentary procedure are difficulties inherent in the subject-matter itself. Wisdom, tact, and inventiveness may overcome them; but to show that they exist is not to exhibit any kind of party spirit that deserves to be reprehended.

M. FERRY'S LAST DAY.

THE French Chamber of Deputies is as fond of delays in the matter of divisions as the English House of Commons is in the matter of debates. The discussion on Tunis was a model of brevity; but, as soon as the last speaker had sat down, one motion after another was put and negatived until it seemed as though there were no one element in the question about which a majority of the Deputies were of one mind. The Ministerial majority, for which M. GAMBETTA has been so long searching, might have been expected, in the first instance, to take the shape of an Opposition majority; and probably, if M. GAMBETTA himself had taken part in the debate, this end might have been brought about. But M. GAMBETTA had maintained an unaccustomed silence. The undisputed leader of the Chamber had not said one word which might indicate to his followers what it was that he wished them to do. Under these circumstances, they could only fall back upon doing nothing. They would not have the inquiry proposed by M. CLÉMENTEAU; and, indeed, when the universal desire is to see the last of the present Cabinet, who could wish to be occupied for weeks or months to come with the record of its misdoings? They would not condemn the Government without inquiry. They would not pass to the order of the day, because that would have been taken as a partial absolution of Ministers. They would not refer the proposed resolutions to a Committee which should pronounce upon which of them a decisive vote should be taken. They would not consent to let the debate end without any resolution at all. They were evidently tempted by a resolution declaring that, as things stood, the Chamber would not hamper the military operations in Tunis; but when it came to the point this seemed too favourable to the Ministry, and was rejected like its fellows.

Whether M. GAMBETTA's intervention at this point was dictated by despair or calculation, it exactly answered its purpose. Things had come to a point at which it was plainly impossible that they could remain without serious injury to the character of the new Chamber. M. GAMBETTA may without injustice be supposed to have had two things in view—to create a majority out of chaos, and to give unmistakable proof that nobody but himself was equal to the task. The rejection of twenty-six motions in a single sitting had demonstrated the existence of chaos, and it was a fair inference that if either Ministers or their opponents had been able to evoke order out of it they would not have allowed their power to lie unused. M. FERRY would have got a vote of confidence if he could. M. CLÉMENTEAU would have carried the appointment of his Committee if he could. But, as neither party could do what they wished to do, the ground was clear for M. GAMBETTA. If it could be shown that he had but to rise and indicate how he wished the Chamber to vote to ensure its voting as he wished, he would have proved himself the indispensable leader of a Chamber which no one else could lead. It was not necessary for M. GAMBETTA to subject his influence to any excessive strain. He did not wish either to condemn the Cabinet or to acquit it. The former course might have been too open a challenge to M. FERRY to prove M. GAMBETTA's complicity with the Tunis expedition; the latter might have been held to pledge him to admit that late justified innocent, M. FERRY, into the new Cabinet. All that M. GAMBETTA had to do, therefore, was to compose a platitude, and in this he succeeded so completely that it is strange that sixty-eight deputies should have been found to vote against it. But even when these had been deducted the majority in favour of the motion exceeded three hundred. By 355 votes to 68 the Chamber declared that it is determined to carry out the treaty signed by the French nation on the 12th of May, 1881.

The reasons which M. GAMBETTA gave for proposing this resolution were good so far as they went. By taking no part in the debate he had greatly contributed to bringing about the "painful spectacle" which he lamented. Any one of the twenty-six motions vainly submitted to the Chamber might probably have been carried if he had thought fit to rise and support it. He was directly responsible for the "avowal of impotence" which he deprecated, because, though he might have prevented the avowal, he did not choose to do so. The reason why he did not prevent it is less clear. M. GAMBETTA contented himself with declaring that he had not thought it his duty to take part in the debate; and he apparently thinks that the statement of a fact and the giving of a reason are, in his mouth, the same. At least he refers later in the speech to the reasons he has just given; but, when they are examined, they turn out to be nothing more than assertions that he had not originally intended to take part in the debate, and that the speeches he had listened to had supplied him with no ground for changing his purpose. The deputies were too grateful to him for interfering when he did to find any fault with him for not interfering earlier. They knew at last what would please M. GAMBETTA, and in the unwonted sense of security to which that consciousness gave birth, they could for once vote and be thankful. Thus by a colourless resolution the FERRY Cabinet fell, if a Cabinet can rightly be said to fall which has first thrown itself down. The French public are so well pleased, however, to get rid of it, that they will not be critical about the method by which they have got their way. A sense of relief seems to have come over everybody now that the stage is at length cleared for M. GAMBETTA. Ever since the definitive triumph of the Republic he has been a Minister behind the scenes, and, patient as Frenchmen have shown themselves of this strange state of things, they cannot but feel glad that it is over. The simple announcement that M. GAMBETTA has been sent for is for the moment enough to convert the greater part of them into political optimists.

There is a limit, however, to the possibilities of speculation, and it is one that in M. GAMBETTA's case has long been reached. For months past every combination that either his Cabinet or his policy can conceivably show has been discussed over and over again, and it is not worth while to take up the theme once more in the short interval which now divides us from something like certainty. M. GAMBETTA's choice of Ministers will be eagerly gone

over in order to form some estimate of the lines on which his administration will be built. According as he picks out moderate or extreme colleagues, moderate or extreme measures will be expected of him. It is by no means certain, however, either that this particular indication will be given, or that it will be worth much if it is given. The old divisions in the Left seem for the time to have disappeared; and if M. GAMBETTA cares to form a broad-bottom Administration, he will, to all appearance, be very well able to do so. In that case the antecedents of different Ministers will point in different directions, and all that will be clear will be that, if Ministers are to be consistent with their past selves, they must vote on different sides upon every important Government measure. There is another possibility in reserve, and that is that M. GAMBETTA may frame his Cabinet on one principle and his measures on another; that the promotion of moderate men may be meant to disguise the adoption of an extreme policy, or the adoption of a moderate policy be meant to sweeten the promotion of extreme men. The truth is that in these respects M. GAMBETTA is altogether a dark horse. The world knows what he can do under extraordinary circumstances, and how much he can say under ordinary circumstances, but it knows nothing more. If he were succeeding to a dictatorship, it might form a guess of the use to which he intended to put it, but when the place into which he steps is that of a nominally constitutional Minister, it has no data upon which to found a prediction. Like the French public, it can only rejoice that the experiment which has so long been delayed is now to be tried; that power and responsibility are once more to be vested in the same hands; and that M. GAMBETTA's great influence over his countrymen is for the future to be wielded in the character of a Minister and not of a wire-puller. From the day that M. GAMBETTA takes office the affairs of the Republic will wear a new complexion. It may be either smiling or threatening, but it will at least be genuine.

LORD HARTINGTON ON THE ENGLISH LAND QUESTION.

MR. FAWCETT and Lord HARTINGTON are the only members of the Government who have recently delivered useful or instructive speeches. Mr. GLADSTONE's exuberant rhetoric, while it excites the passions of his partisans, seldom fails to increase the uneasiness with which his impulsive policy is regarded. Sir W. HARCOURT, though he is both amusing and eloquent, generally devotes himself to party controversies and to the opportunities which they furnish for personal recrimination and for sparkling repartee. Mr. FAWCETT preferred to explain to his constituents the administrative measures which he has introduced, and to warn them against some popular fallacies which are now commonly propounded. As a political economist who believes in the doctrines which he teaches, Mr. FAWCETT objects to the substitution of legislative rules for dealing with property for the discretion and personal interest of the owners. The managers of the Farmers' Alliance will not be encouraged by Mr. FAWCETT's reference to their selfish and piratical projects; but the language of a Minister who has not a seat in the Cabinet affords no direct indication of the purposes of the Government. Greater significance is necessarily attached to the most careless utterance of Mr. GLADSTONE, who has encouraged the projectors of schemes for robbing landowners by the promise that large changes shall be introduced into the present laws of land. He perhaps only refers to the abolition or modification of the power of settlement; but his words may also imply an intention of transferring to the occupier in Great Britain, as in Ireland, a part of the property of the owner. Mr. GLADSTONE's declaration that he would never propose an Irish Land Bill for England might restore confidence if it proceeded from any other statesman; but the Farmers' Alliance has interpreted Mr. GLADSTONE's words to mean that the English Bill is to effect the same objects with the Irish Land Act by the use of a different phraseology. It was not certain whether these calculations might not be justified by the result; but it is now clear that the Cabinet has not agreed to any project of agrarian spoliation.

Lord HARTINGTON's speech at the agricultural dinner

at Yeovil is the first official answer which has been given to Mr. HOWARD's predatory proposals. It was probably of deliberate purpose that a vindication of freedom of contract was addressed to a mixed audience rather than to a body of political supporters. The Conservative members for the county judiciously released Lord HARTINGTON from the restrictions which are formally imposed on speakers at agricultural meetings. With less felicity Mr. PAGET expressed a hope that Lord HARTINGTON might hereafter join a coalition of moderate members of both parties. It has from ancient times not been thought expedient for the fowler to spread the net in sight of any bird. Some of the Whig aristocracy have, with abundant cause, already seceded from the party which has appropriated their ancestral name; but large proprietors who are still nominally Liberals resent the premature expression of their own secret apprehensions. In answer to Mr. PAGET Lord HARTINGTON quietly repudiated the implied suspicion that he is separated from any section of his colleagues by differences of political opinion. The real state of the case may be approximately ascertained by a comparison of the recent declaration of two members of the Cabinet. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said that the land laws of England are nearly as faulty as those which formerly existed in Ireland. It follows that he would forcibly alter the relations among the different classes who are connected with land. Lord HARTINGTON thinks legislative interference between landlord and tenant neither necessary nor justifiable. It is difficult to suppose that Mr. GLADSTONE, who lately designated Lord HARTINGTON as one of his successors, will run the risk of losing his official support by proposing any wild agrarian project. Lord HARTINGTON adheres to the opinion which he formerly expressed, that the tenure of land should be so far altered as to diminish the chance of its belonging for considerable periods to limited owners who may have neither the desire nor the inclination to expend capital on improvements. The economical inconvenience, though it has been greatly exaggerated, exists to some extent; and it is not certain that the additional facility of encumbering land which would result from a general practice of ownership in fee simple would equally discourage expenditure of capital on the land. There can be no doubt that legislation on the subject is within the competence of Parliament.

Passing from a question on which there is no immediate controversy, Lord HARTINGTON declared in the plainest language that "he should hesitate a long time before "he should recommend Parliament to lay down, in any "compulsory enactment, the manner in which landlords "and tenants hereafter shall act." Although he objected in some respects to the provisions of the Agricultural Holdings Act, Lord HARTINGTON, with a candour which might advantageously be imitated by his colleagues, expressed his firm belief that it was honestly intended, and that it had produced good effects. If his words are to be literally construed, he would object to making the Act compulsory where landlords and tenants have agreed that it shall not apply; but it is possible that his language may on this point have been open to misunderstanding. It will not be easy for the agrarian agitators to answer Lord HARTINGTON's challenge that they should test the efficiency of the arrangements which they wish to make compulsory. Land, he says, is lying idle in many parts of the kingdom; and the owners are anxious to obtain tenants on almost any terms which may be proposed. Why should not the enterprising capitalists who are supposed to be anxious to invest their money in cultivation take the vacant farms on conditions which they might almost prescribe at their pleasure? The argument is in itself forcible or conclusive; but its principal weight is derived from the authority on which it rests. As long as one of the principal members of the Government publicly uses the language of common sense and common honesty, it may be inferred that no Irish Land Act will be imported into England. Lord HARTINGTON expressly admitted that there was no reason why landowners, like any other class of the community, should not be entitled to relief if they were unjustly taxed. Mr. GLADSTONE lately declared that, if landlords at any time profited by a readjustment of local and general taxation, they would to that extent be quartered on the Exchequer. It is to be regretted that one of the most powerful of Ministers should live in an atmosphere of angry paradoxes.

The same number of the *Times* in which Lord HARTINGTON's speech was reported contained a letter with the signature

of "Land Agent," which illustrates the practical meaning of compulsory compensation for unexhausted improvements. The writer, who states that he has had large experience in the South of England, and in districts where the local custom coincides with the proposed law, asserts that the land is left in worse condition where the practice prevails than in other parts of England. "One of the most mischievous results of the system has been the creation of a class of tenant-right valuers (most of them tenants themselves), who value everything in favour of an outgoing tenant, and refuse to make any allowance to the landlord or incoming tenant in respect of defects of cultivation or neglect of repairs." These are the assessors who are, according to the Farmers' Alliance Bill, to be appointed by the Boards of Guardians. "Their sole endeavour will be to run up a bill for what they will be pleased to call unexhausted improvements, to the extreme injury of the incomer (by crippling his capital), and, as a consequence, to agriculture generally." In almost all parts of England permanent improvements are made by the landlord; and, if the tenant in any case undertakes the burden, he can protect himself by agreement, and his outlay will be considered in his rent. The land agent has found, like others who have had similar opportunities of experience, that tenants are for the most part unwilling to take leases by which both parties would be legally bound. It is true that even a lease affords the landlord insufficient protection, because he has seldom a practical remedy if the occupier proposes to dissolve the contract; but the tenant incurs no corresponding risk, and he has for the duration of the term full enjoyment of the results of any beneficial outlay which may have been made. In many parts of England there are no unexhausted improvements, except perhaps the manure which may have been put upon the land in the last year of the holding; yet in every instance the landlord would have to pay for unexhausted improvements, after perhaps incurring the expense of litigation before a packed tribunal. The Farmers' Alliance has almost abandoned the shallow pretence of endeavouring to make the land more productive. Its present object is merely to enrich its members, and other present occupiers of large farms, at the expense of the landlords, according to the anomalous Irish precedent. They will not find it convenient to notice the statements and arguments of the "Land Agent"; but their sanguine anticipations of successful robbery will be checked by Lord HARTINGTON's plain and manly language.

THE FRENCH DEBATE ON TUNIS.

THE debate in the French Chamber was prolonged through four sittings, and was tolerably exhaustive within the very narrow range which circumstances had assigned to it. It was an inquiry into the past history of a Ministry which had already proclaimed itself to be dead, and no process of Ministerial duplicity or incapacity could kill the slain. It is only when the existence of a Ministry is at stake that there can be any real life in an inquiry into what it has done. The future, again, of the Tunis expedition is of far greater importance to France than the past; but it was impossible to discuss the future in the presence of Ministers who declared that, whatever the future might be, it was a future with which they had nothing to do. The inquiry into the past, however maimed and imperfect it might be, was not without value. It threw some light on the origin and nature of the expedition, on the relations which ought to subsist between a French Ministry and the Chamber, and on the administration and constitution of the French army. As it was the conduct of the FERRY Cabinet which was chiefly under review, it was on this head that the greater part of the oratory of the opponents of the Cabinet was expended. The charges against the Ministry, in addition to those relating to the origin of the expedition and the administration of the army, were that it had deceived the Chamber by representing as a little affair what was really a very big affair; that it had undertaken a war without authorization; and that it had waged war without securing any result of the slightest benefit to France. The charge of going to war without authorization was that which was pressed with the greatest earnestness by the Extreme Left, as they think that no guarantee of the supremacy of Parliament is so precious as that which makes it impossible that the cost and hazards of war shall be undertaken without the

sanction of the representatives of the nation. The discussion served to show that this guarantee is almost entirely worthless. A Parliament can always commit a nation to a war if it wishes to do it; it can make wars which technically are not wars; and it can challenge an antagonist by acts of war which do not lead to war merely because the challenge is not accepted. The Tunis expedition exposes France to all the dangers of war. At a great cost and with great loss of life, a large French army is campaigning on foreign territory; but technically it is not war when one Power places forces, however large, at the disposal of another Power which is occupied in suppressing an insurrection against its authority. For a reply to the charges of having deceived the Chamber, and of having attained no success, M. FERRY drew liberally on that audacity of invention which comes so easily to a Minister who can say anything because his responsibility as a Minister is at end. The Ministry, he asserted, had not spent more than Parliament had sanctioned, because Parliament had given it *carte blanche* to spend anything it pleased. The Chamber, and perhaps the country, may have thought that everything was ended with the Treaty of May; but the Ministry was not so simple. It knew all along that there must be a great autumn campaign, and if it did not say so, that was because wise men who are implicitly trusted must be allowed to keep their wisdom to themselves. As to having done nothing hitherto, M. FERRY indignantly repelled so wanton an accusation. The Ministry, far from doing nothing, has achieved an enormous political triumph, and has won a superb military success. It has struck a mortal blow to that Mahomedan fanaticism which ever since the Russian war has been imperilling the civilized world. It has got different bodies of French soldiers to concentrate on Kairwan, and the march of these soldiers is a triumph of French arms which has seldom been rivalled, and never been surpassed, by the greatest of French victories. Austerlitz and Jena pale before these sublime marchings. No less than seven thousand camels had to accompany the troops, and the camels alone will obliterate the memory of Gravelotte and Sedan. M. FERRY could not resist the pleasure of having one last long hearty laugh at the expense of the Chamber which was demolishing him and his Ministry.

M. FERRY tried hard, and not unsuccessfully, to show that the policy of creating a French Protectorate in Tunis was not specially his policy, but had been the policy of every French Ministry since the days of GUIZOT. It is not, however, necessary to go into historical disquisitions; for it is incontestable that the Chamber, by ratifying the Treaty of May, made it once for all the policy of France. If the French nation is not to be held to have accepted a protectorate with all its advantages and all its liabilities, the sanction of Parliament has no meaning in France. It was by concentrating the attention of the Chamber on this national act that M. GAMBETTA got the Chamber out of the difficulties into which it was plunging through its uncertainty as to how it would deal with a Ministry which could not be dealt with. To forget what the Ministry has done, and to think only of what the nation has done, was a suggestion which was welcome, not only because it came from M. GAMBETTA, but because it drew a distinction between the Ministry and the nation which was agreeable to those who were anxious that the Ministry should not escape some kind of censure. But, apart from the general question of the policy of a protectorate, stood the more special question of the steps by which, on this final occasion, the policy had been started into life. Here M. CLÉMENTEAU attacked the Ministry with great force and point. The expedition against the Kroumirs had been converted into an expedition to extort a treaty from the BEY, because, as M. ST.-HILAIRE explained, the relations between France and the BEY had recently been very unsatisfactory. M. CLÉMENTEAU did not go into any of the scandals and rumours as to the secret history of the expedition which have been the creation or amusement of the gossips of Paris. He never went out of the Yellow Book; and in the Yellow Book itself he found the clearest evidence that a protectorate was imposed by force on the BEY, because M. ROUSTAN had already made demands on the BEY which he had not a shadow of justification for demanding, except on the supposition that a protectorate already existed. He had insisted that a French Company should have the monopoly of every railway in Tunis, that a French Company should hold land in Tunis of the size of a French department

under the exclusive protection of the French Consul, and that a *Crédit Foncier* should be established, which the BEY declared would bring the French and the Mahomedan law into conflict in every part of his dominions. According to the traditions and customs of minor French diplomatists, M. ROUSTAN was quite right in all he did. They live their lives in countries like Tunis with the one persistent idea that it is the business of a French Consul to get everything by manœuvring and bullying which can be got for Frenchmen, and to prevent anything of the same sort being got by the Consuls of other Powers for their countrymen, and the French Consuls have a well-grounded conviction that their Foreign Office will always back them up as far as they dare. It is as well that what M. ST.-HILAIRE meant by the bad previous relations between the BEY and France should be once for all clearly understood. What M. ST.-HILAIRE meant was that the BEY had not acted as if he was under a protectorate when he was not under one. His mind had to be opened and his views enlarged by the decisive arguments of the sword and the pistol.

It was principally reserved for General FARRE to answer the attacks that had been made on the administration of the army. He apologized for the blunt soldierly way in which he made his statement, and for his utter deficiency in all the graces of oratory. But this statement did not need the graces of oratory. Rhetoric is superfluous when the answer to every charge is a blank denial. To everything his adversaries alleged General FARRE replied that it was not true. It had been said that there had been much sickness; there was very little sickness. It had been said that there had been many deaths; on the contrary, the death-rate was remarkably low. Far from there being insufficient hospital accommodation, there had been provided hundreds of beds more than were wanted. There was said to be a short supply of doctors; there were doctors in abundance; and if there ever was a danger of the supply falling short, it was when the doctors themselves tried to get home, a manœuvre which General FARRE summarily stopped. No medicine and no tea was another charge. General FARRE had sent out tons of medicine, and had personally got up the names of the different medicines sent. Although tea was not a national beverage, General FARRE had himself thought it might be useful in Tunis, and had sent out stores of tea before any one had thought of asking for it. General FARRE had not only an answer, but a complete answer, to everything; and it was conclusively shown that the reports of all the generals in command amply confirmed what the Minister had stated. Everything was reduced at last to a conflict between the statements of high officials on the one hand and the statements of newspaper Correspondents on the other. Outsiders have no possible means of forming a judgment; but long experience of similar conflicts may suggest to Englishmen that a very large deduction must be made from the statements of newspaper Correspondents, and a small, but not wholly insignificant, deduction must be made from official declarations. As to the charge that the mode in which the contingents furnished for the expedition had been drawn from the army had been such as to break up the military organization of France and leave mere skeletons of battalions, General FARRE replied, with considerable success, that those who made this charge did not understand what the present military organization of France really is. If a great war had broken out, the skeleton regiments would have been instantly filled up, not with recruits, but with reservists. In time of war it is not the men serving their time, but the reservists, that make the French army strong. This is a time of peace, and if it is found that the regiments are now very weak, this is what always happens and must happen at a particular time of the autumn. For the short period that elapses between the autumn reviews and the coming in of the recruits of the year, every French regiment falls to one half of its strength. The explanation is that the Government spends as much money as it can afford on the autumn reviews, and makes up by spending as little as it can for a few weeks when the autumn reviews are at an end. This accounts for the thinness of regiments at the present moment; but, as General FARRE candidly stated, it has very little to do with Tunis; and the radical defect of the present system is that it has no army fit for exceptional service such as that which is now required.

IRISH LAW APPOINTMENTS.

LORD O'HAGAN'S retirement has caused some surprise, though he may perhaps be well advised in deviating from the more common usage by leaving the Bench while he is still in the full vigour of his faculties. His services will still be available in the judicial business of the House of Lords; and he may probably support in debate the party to which he has long been attached. His abilities and his character have always commanded respect; and he has been exempt from the foibles which are more or less justly attributed to his countrymen. Ireland has, during the present generation, achieved an instalment of Home Rule by excluding English candidates for high judicial offices. Thirty or forty years have passed since an alien Irish Chancellor consoled himself for the want of more eligible promotion at home. Before the Union it was almost necessary to employ Irishmen in the second office in the kingdom, inasmuch as the Chancellor had the management of the Irish House of Lords. When the local Parliament ceased to exist, it was perhaps thought expedient to promote the fusion of the two kingdoms by giving the Great Seal of Ireland to English lawyers. The first Lord REDESDALE, who had held the office of Speaker, acquired a high judicial reputation as Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Lord MANNERS owed his succession to the same dignity to his connexions as a cadet of the family of RUTLAND, son of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and brother of the SPEAKER. Lord PLUNKETT, as an eminent Irish lawyer, and as one of the greatest orators who ever sat in the House of Commons, had a higher claim to the first judicial office. He had been disappointed of the more desirable place of English Master of the Rolls by the unworthy deference of the Minister to the alleged jealousy of the English Bar. Lord PLUNKETT's term of office ended in a mortifying humiliation inflicted upon him by Lord MELBOURNE and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, who required his place for their Attorney-General. Sir JOHN CAMPBELL, foreseeing the imminent fall of the Whig Government, was determined not to return for an indefinite time to private practice at the Bar. He therefore insisted on the creation of a vacancy which would entitle him to a peerage; and Lord PLUNKETT had to make way for the unwelcome intruder, who had scarcely time to take his seat in court before he retired with the outgoing Ministry. The last English Chancellor of Ireland, and perhaps the greatest lawyer who ever occupied the post, was Sir EDWARD SUGDEN, afterwards Lord ST. LEONARDS. Since his time the office has always been held by Irishmen, for the most part capable and eminent. The list which ends with Lord O'HAGAN includes the names of Sir JOSEPH NAPIER, of Mr. BREWSTER, and Dr. BALL. No Irish Law Lord has been created between Lord PLUNKETT and Lord O'HAGAN.

Mr. LAW, who now succeeds to the Great Seal, has a high reputation as an Equity lawyer, and he has recently done service to his party by his considerable share in the conduct of the Land Bill through the House of Commons. No merit is more fully appreciated by the Minister who at present regards as the worst of crimes any interference with the operation of his favourite and questionable measure. It is not known whether Mr. LAW anticipated the conversion which Mr. GLADSTONE is supposed to have undergone nine or ten months ago. Either through dislike of novel legislation, or, more probably, in consequence of inability to understand the provisions of the Bill, nearly all Mr. GLADSTONE's colleagues confined themselves to the support which they could give their chief by steady voting. Mr. FORSTER had had enough to do in passing the Coercion Bill, and the HOME SECRETARY, who is supposed to have the chief conduct of Irish business, had contributed his share by carrying the Peace Preservation Act. The English Law Officers naturally left the management of details to their Irish colleagues. Mr. LAW and Mr. JOHNSON were perhaps not equally matched against their principal opponents, who happened to have been their predecessors in office. Mr. GIBSON and Mr. PLUNKETT displayed great Parliamentary ability in their conduct of the Opposition; and they did no disservice to a cause which was substantially just by their uniform moderation and candour. The discussion was necessarily in a great measure professional, and scarcely any layman, except Mr. GLADSTONE, who was intended by nature to be an advocate, took a prominent share in the controversy. Mr. LAW has on the whole fairly

earned his high promotion, and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL has an indisputable claim to the office which is vacated. Mr. PORTER, now Solicitor-General, is said to be a good lawyer; and it is hoped that he will acquire a still more valuable qualification by succeeding Mr. LAW in his Parliamentary seat. Irish and Scotch Law Officers almost always take the earliest opportunity of retiring with judicial appointments. The largest practice which they can obtain is trifling in comparison with that of successful English lawyers; and, if they have seats in the House of Commons, they necessarily sacrifice a large part of their professional income. Economical purists maintain that in both countries the judicial staff is unnecessarily large; but no Minister who regards his own popularity will interfere with the modest provision on which local lawyers not unnaturally count.

There is at present great excitement among Irish solicitors and in the junior ranks of the Bar. Two lawyers have been appointed to new offices as Land Commissioners, and each of the Sub-Commissions has a barrister as President. Any chance of justice to Irish landowners must depend on the professional element in the Commissions. Uniform experience shows that technical familiarity with any subject-matter of litigation aggravates the general unfitness of laymen for judicial posts. An expert is of necessity biased on one side or the other; and in the administration of the Land Act the farmers and land-agents will probably in almost all cases incline unduly to the cause of the tenant. The Professor who has caused so general a shock by his first judgment as a Sub-Commissioner might possibly have given the same decision, though he would not have alleged the same reasons, if he had been a qualified judge. Lord MONCK, whose authority and knowledge of agrarian matters would ordinarily entitle his judgment to respect, expresses the opinion that in the CRAWFORD case the rent was properly reduced; but, whatever may be the merits of the particular question, the Sub-Commissioners' reasons are iniquitous and indefensible. The gaiety and popular manners which newspaper admirers applaud would be well exchanged for serious consideration of the nature of property. The adjustment of rent to the good or bad cultivation of a farm by the tenant is either a gross misapprehension of the law or a conclusive proof that the Land Act is as faulty in detail as it is vicious in principle. It is true that the Chief Commissioner, who is a lawyer of experience and reputation, enunciated in his opening address almost equally objectionable doctrines; but, until a judicial decision has made the rights of the owner proportional to the wants of the tenant, a general proposition, however fallacious, may not have done practical harm.

The number of places to be distributed among Irish lawyers is necessarily finite; but the prospective amount of petty litigation seems to have no visible limit. The Commissioners, immediately after their appointment, began to canvass for employment by circulating a statement of the advantages which, as they truly said, were offered by the Act to tenant-farmers. It was perhaps no part of their business to inquire whether just legislation would not also have secured the rights of owners. The invitation to litigants was renewed in a still more attractive form by Justice O'HAGAN's strange announcement that rent would be fixed on such terms as to enable the tenant to live and thrive. If the Judge's language is literally interpreted, it seems to follow that the smallest holders are hereafter to sit rent-free. A tenant of fifty acres may live and thrive at a rent on which ten cottagers, each holding five acres, can barely subsist. It is probable that an ill-judged phrase will be qualified in the practical administration of the Land Act; but there is no doubt that the supposed promise of the Commissioners has tended to cause or to increase the intolerable pressure of litigation. Some of the advisers of the peasantry have furnished them with an additional and characteristic motive for bringing the greatest possible number of claims into Court. The tenants are told that, until a fair rent is judicially fixed, they are entitled to withhold rent altogether. If they act on the suggestion, the notorious decree of the Land League will be as generally obeyed as if it had been in the first instance universally accepted. The fees of the lawyers employed will probably not be large; but the insufficiency of their gains in each separate case will be balanced by the enormous amount of business. One result of the Land Act is

to render all the landed property in Ireland contingent on the result of a lawsuit. It is not improbable that attempts will be made to extend to Great Britain the blessing of ubiquitous and perpetual litigation.

ST. PAUL'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

THE charges which have lately been brought against the St. Paul's Industrial School are sufficiently remarkable in themselves. If only a part of them can be made good, they disclose a series of systematic cruelties which would be thought exaggerated in a sensational romance. In the indictment prepared by Mrs. SURRE it is alleged that boys have been locked up for days and nights in a room where the cold is so intense that cocoa freezes; that weak children have been made to carry their beds on their heads for long periods, and even in winter to wash their sheets in cold water, standing in the open yard without shoes or jackets; that the hunger of the boys has been so keen that they have stolen the dog's food, and hid behind doors to seize the officers' leavings as the plates are brought from the table; that the clothing of the children has been ragged, dirty, and insufficient, and the punishments cruel and excessive. If the evidence of the boys who were examined before the Special Committee of the London School Board is anywhere near the truth, these charges do but convey very generally and imperfectly what has actually been going on in the school. One witness speaks of boys who were made to pass the night with their feet in irons, these irons being too small and so scratching the skin off their ankles; of one boy who died because his feet were allowed to rot off; of another who died of starvation because he was too ill to eat the school meals, and no others were provided for him. A second witness stated that one boy took poison "because he had been so set upon" by the officials; and a third told an agreeable story of a boy who had been caned the day before he died because he was too ill to make enough sacks. The financial management of the school, according to the case alleged against it, was quite on a level with its general administration. Cases of absconding, it is said, have been frequent, but they have not been reported, and the Government and the School Board have been charged for the maintenance of the absentees. Although a sum of 3*l.* is allowed by the School Board for the outfit of each discharged boy, clothing of less value has been bought at a slop-shop and the balance appropriated. The loaves served out for the children have been changed for cakes which are eaten by other people, and large joints of meat have been bought for the use of the governor and his family and the officers and set down to the boys' account. This is merely a selection from the accusations which Mrs. SURRE believes herself able to make good against the school.

We have called these charges sufficiently remarkable in themselves, but it is no exaggeration to say that they are less remarkable than the manner in which the London School Board has been pleased to deal with them. After all, cases of gross cruelty do occur from time to time, and, horrible as the state of things which existed in the St. Paul's Industrial School was, if there is any foundation whatever for the charges made against it, it can be only too easily paralleled in the records of criminal trials. But the attitude which the London School Board has taken up towards the charges in question is happily without a parallel. Attention was first drawn to the St. Paul's Industrial School by a prosecution at the Thames Police Court of some of the boys for attempting to set the school on fire. The remarks of the magistrate virtually came to this, that, considering the way in which the boys had been treated, he did not much wonder at what they had done. At the first meeting of the London School Board after the recess Mr. SCRUTTON, who is one of the managers of the school, and the Chairman of the Board's Industrial Schools' Committee, was asked what action the Committee were going to take in the case. Mr. SCRUTTON promptly replied that they were going to take no action beyond prosecuting the boys. Later in the same day it was proposed to appoint a Committee to inquire into the management of the school, to which Mrs. SURRE moved, as an amendment, that the HOME SECRETARY should be asked to withdraw the certificate from the school, which was equivalent to substituting the Home Office for a Committee of the School

Board as the authority by whom the inquiry should be made. Mr. SCRUTTON had, with much prudence, gone away after saying that he meant to do nothing in the matter; and, in his absence, his friends made repeated efforts to keep the matter out of the HOME SECRETARY'S hands. In the end, however, Mrs. SURE's amendment was carried by a majority of one, the VICE-CHAIRMAN and Mr. LYULPH STANLEY protesting to the last, and predicting that the resolution would certainly be rescinded the following week. Accordingly, on the 13th of October, Mr. STANLEY moved that the resolution of the previous week should be rescinded, on the ground that the most dignified course the Board could adopt would be to withdraw from the proceedings altogether. The theory that the dignity of a public body can be promoted by taking no steps towards the investigation of charges of gross cruelty and fraud against a school under its own supervision, and of which one of its own Chairmen of Committees is a manager, is an unusual one. It seems, indeed, to have been a little too strong, even for the majority of the Board; for, though Mr. STANLEY'S motion was carried, it was with a rider, directing the appointment of a Special Committee to report upon the charges brought against the management of the school. Fortunately, however, the action of the Board had no influence on the SECRETARY OF STATE'S action. The inquiry prayed for had already been ordered, and on October 20 the School Board were informed that, after careful inquiry by an Inspector, the SECRETARY OF STATE was of opinion that cause had been shown for grave complaint and dissatisfaction; that the school required thorough reorganization under a new superintendent; and that a Committee of Managers must be appointed who would undertake to visit the school regularly. It might have been thought that after the receipt of this letter, Mr. SCRUTTON, who, as one of the Managers of the St. Paul's Industrial School, is presumably responsible for everything that has gone on in it, would have saved the Board the trouble of asking him to resign the post of Chairman of the Industrial Schools Committee. A manager of a school which has been declared by the HOME SECRETARY to give cause for grave complaint and dissatisfaction is certainly not a fit person for that particular office, unless and until he can prove that the SECRETARY OF STATE has been misinformed, or that he himself had been guiltless. But Mr. SCRUTTON knew his Board too well to offer to resign. He had simply to keep quiet in the confidence that his friends would rally round him. Notice had been given of a motion calling upon Mr. SCRUTTON to resign, but one member after another got up to protest against its being brought forward. The notion that a manager of an Industrial School can be expected to know anything about its management is one which is repugnant to a singular emotion which certain members of the Board are pleased to call their sense of justice. At this same meeting the Special Committee was nominated, and on the 29th of October it got to work and examined one boy. Down to this time no steps had been taken to carry out the SECRETARY OF STATE'S order. On the 3rd of November, the superintendent was still in charge of the school, and Mr. SCRUTTON coolly informed his admiring colleagues that "people who knew anything about industrial schools would know that it was not possible to pick up a governor in the streets, and that they could not possibly leave the boys without a governor while they were finding one." This, be it remembered, was said of a superintendent who, if the charges brought against the school are true, has been guilty for years together of the grossest imaginable cruelty.

The conduct of the inquiry was as unsatisfactory as might have been expected from the previous action of the Board. On Monday last the Committee met for the second time, and Mr. SCRUTTON did his best, but apparently without success, to break down the evidence of the boy who had been previously examined. At this point, however, he seems to have become convinced that it was wisest for the managers of the school to play the part of injured innocents no longer; and when the Committee met on the following day he produced a statement to the effect that, though the evidence was conflicting, he admitted that many grave irregularities had occurred without the knowledge of the managers. With this noble confession the Committee were so delighted that they determined to report to the Board "that, in view of the practical proposal made by Mr.

SCRUTTON for the reorganization of the school, they do "not think it necessary in the interests of discipline to "pursue the inquiry any further." With this conclusion as regards the School Board we entirely agree. Their conduct in this matter from first to last makes them a wholly unfit body to conduct such an investigation. The next step should be taken by the Public Prosecutor and by the Education Department, and we trust that before we return to the subject one or both of these authorities will have begun to move.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH ON CANADA.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS has published in the current number of the *Contemporary Review* an answer to Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH'S article in the same periodical for September, under the title of "The Canadian Tariff." Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH himself describes Sir FRANCIS HINCKS as the most experienced of Canadian financiers, and it may be added that, as a former Prime Minister of the Dominion, and as a holder of other important political posts, he speaks with authority on colonial affairs. Sir FRANCIS HINCKS is a Canadian subject of the Crown, while it is uncertain whether his opponent regards himself as an Englishman of the mother-country or as a colonist. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH habitually uses the first person plural in speaking of the Canadians, and, according to Sir FRANCIS HINCKS, he not long since "took the stump" in Canada in support of the Protectionist party. On the other hand, he is not unaccustomed to join in English political movements; and perhaps, if he succeeded in promoting the annexation of Canada to the United States, he would choose to remain an Englishman rather than to become an American. His defence of the protective policy of Canada, though it embodies the apologetic commonplaces which are used for another purpose by English "fair-traders," forms but an insignificant portion of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH'S argument. The main object of the article is to prove that the natural connexion of Canada is with the United States, and to denounce and ridicule "Imperialism," by which is meant the retention by England of the outlying parts of the Empire. When the excitement of personal attack is combined with the indulgence of bitter political feeling, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH condescends to exchange the term "Imperialist" for the vulgar and unmeaning nickname of "Jingo." It seems that Lord DUFFERIN was a "Jingo" because in his eloquent and graceful speeches he recognized and encouraged the loyal enthusiasm of the Canadian people for the Crown, instead of suggesting a transfer of their allegiance to the neighbouring Republic. For the purpose of clenching the charge of "Jingoism" Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH actually quotes at length the puffing advertisement of a local dancing-master, who undertook to teach Canadian young ladies the proper deportment to be observed at Lady DUFFERIN'S receptions. It is indeed difficult to escape from the political tendency or disposition which provokes Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH'S furious indignation. "There is," he says, "little use in appealing to a Colonial Secretary. That office acts like a mitre. Make a Low Churchman a Bishop, and he is a High Churchman in a year. Make a Liberal Colonial Secretary, and he at once becomes a Jingo, if not of the drab, at least of the scarlet, species." Less vehement politicians will perhaps be more indulgent to English Ministers who have not discovered that it is their duty to use their official powers for the dismemberment of the Empire. Lord CARNARVON and Lord KIMBERLEY were not even careful to prohibit the Governor-General's wife from giving Canadian ladies opportunities of exhibiting their beauty and their taste. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH'S stern protest against low dresses is a characteristic instance of the moral severity which is naturally associated with political virtue.

The main facts of the argument which Sir FRANCIS HINCKS undertakes to answer are more serious than the denunciation of Viceregal improprieties of costume. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH contends that the tariff which was passed with his aid for the avowed purpose of Protection by a Protectionist Ministry was really introduced for the purpose of raising revenue. A much smaller income would, as he further argues, have sufficed, if an Imperialist policy had not caused a wasteful expenditure on the construction of railways for military and political objects. Sir FRANCIS HINCKS replies that

the construction of the intercolonial railways was proposed and effected by the colonists and not by the English Government. Although it is difficult to ascertain the exact meaning of a term invented to express political opinion or passion, only the Imperial Government can be accused of Imperialism. For the colonists who insist on maintaining their connexion with the Crown some other abusive nickname ought to be devised. To a certain extent Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH supplies the deficiency by stigmatizing as anti-Continental measures which tend to impede the annexation of Canada to the United States. After a time the reader learns that it is wicked to be Imperialist and that it is right to be Continental. The most forcible part of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH'S essay is his exposition of the geographical relations between the different provinces of the Dominion and the neighbouring parts of the American Union. He shows that in several instances the most direct communication between two Canadian provinces lies through the States, and that the natural or easiest access to portions of the Dominion is from American territory. There are many parts of the world in which geographical or commercial convenience would be promoted by a transfer of territory. Austria is supposed to covet Salonica, and it has been even suspected that Prince BISMARCK has designs on Holland. A German pedant once wrote a treatise to prove that England and France ought to be under one government, because either country had products of its own which would be useful to the other. All Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH'S reasons for the union of Canada with the States would be rendered idle if both countries had the good sense to abandon their protective systems. It seems hard that, like philology and ethnology, geographical science, by some mysterious necessity, always conflicts with the apparent interests of England. The tendency to cosmopolitan contempt for patriotism is at least as common as the supposed degeneracy of official Liberals into "Jingoes." It is true that Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH proposes no immediate transfer of the sovereignty of the Dominion from England to the United States; but he recommends a Customs Union which would involve the extension to Canada of the extravagant American tariff. Political annexation would not be long delayed. If unwillingness on the part of Englishmen to dissolve the colonial bond exposes them to the contemptuous designation of Imperialists or Jingoes, the colonists at any rate are surely entitled to have a voice in the destination of their country. Sir FRANCIS HINCKES represents the Canadians as almost unanimously opposed to the doctrines of their able adviser. "In view of the fact that there is not a single member in either House of the Canadian Parliament who has ventured to recommend this scheme of Commercial Union, there is no cause for alarm. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, however, labours under the delusion that the Canadian Parliament does not represent the opinions of the Canadian people. When reminded in Canada of the fact that his opinions were not represented in Parliament, he replied that the politicians would not allow any one holding them to get a nomination." England is governed by Imperialists or Jingoes, and Canada by obstinate anti-Continentalists; but Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH will find adherents enough in the United States. When he maintains that what he calls a judicious forecast is not an encouragement to annexation, he defies experience and reason. Some of his statements seem as if they were exclusively designed to invite encroachment by irritating the vanity or cupidity of Americans, and annexation is rendered more probable by being made a subject of discussion, and by implication an open question. The Canadians can in no case escape from "Imperialism," though only English politicians are liable to be denounced as "Jingoes." Mr. BLAINE'S despatches on the Panama Canal and on the war between Chili and Peru are more aggressive and more arrogant than any documents which have been issued by English Governments. In both cases the American SECRETARY OF STATE asserts or takes for granted a right of Imperial control over both the continents of the Western hemisphere. Lord DUFFERIN'S modest claim to retain the territories which actually belong to the Crown might be thought less pugnacious and less offensive; nor, indeed, is it known that any party in the United States has thought itself aggrieved either by the speeches of Governors-General or by the encouragement given to low dresses.

PROGRESS OF THE LAND COMMISSION.

IT is not surprising that the unfavourable comments which have been made in England on the action of the Irish Land Sub-Commissioners should have disquieted the supporters of the Government. Attempts have been made in both the morning and evening journals which principally defend the Land Bill to justify these interim decisions. Unfortunately the apologists have not taken the trouble to be accurate. One of them speaks, in commenting on the decisions in the CRAWFORD case, of "the preliminary question whether the jurisdiction of the Court was ousted by an existing lease." There was no such preliminary question, nor did the case in any respect turn on the provisions of an existing lease. Another ventures on the statement that "the question of compensation has been fully considered in Parliament, and finally decided against compensation." Short memories are convenient things—when nobody else has a long one. So far from the subject of compensation being fully considered and finally decided, it was met by Mr. GLADSTONE with a previous question. There could be no talk of compensation, he said in effect, because there would be no damage, and, if there was proved to be damage, then there would be a case for compensation. Assurances of this kind from Mr. GLADSTONE are indeed but a Bardolphian security. They are always made, in the French legal phrase, *sous bénéfice d'inventaire*, with a proviso for repudiation if fulfilment should prove inconvenient. But the fact of such an argument having been used is at least sufficient to prove that the question of compensation was not fully considered or finally decided. These apologists, however, have been much comforted by Lord MONCK. Lord MONCK is a person whose acquaintance with Ireland, and whose relation to the Government as a moderate but trusted Liberal, as well as the responsible positions which he has held, entitle him to at least a respectful hearing. He has written to the *Times* to say that the Sub-Commissioners have been unfairly blamed; that "the CRAWFORD estate is a typical example of the class of estate which has brought a bad name on 'Irish landlordism'; that the point on which it is alleged that the Sub-Commissioners have gone beyond the intentions of Parliament, as well as the requirements of justice, was 'raised and discussed and decided in the negative'; that other landowners need not fear, and so forth. It is not surprising that this letter should have called forth damaging replies from Lord GEORGE HAMILTON and others. As the importance of the case can hardly be exaggerated, as it is evident that some at least of its English critics have not troubled themselves to look at the facts, and as Lord MONCK'S opinions are sure to be quoted, and have been quoted without examination of their grounds, it is well to give them that examination.

As Lord GEORGE HAMILTON remarked, and as has been remarked before, no one not on the spot can judge whether any actual reduction of rents is fair or not; but every one can judge whether the principles on which it is announced that reductions are made are fair or not. Lord MONCK may be right in his idea of the CRAWFORD estate as a rack-rented and "screwed up" one. It is sufficient to say that no evidence was produced of this, nor was the decision based on any such allegation, nor is it borne out even by the elaborate special pleading of an article in the *Times* of yesterday. Nor was there, as the writer in the *Daily News* infers, any allegation of an existing lease ousting the jurisdiction of the Court. The facts, which, it seems, must be repeated, are that the farms were let forty years ago on a twenty-one years' lease, with a clause stating that all improvements made were at the expiration of the lease to be the property of the landlord. Every tenant, therefore, who spent a penny of money or an hour of not immediately reproductive labour on his holding knew that he would have as compensation twenty-one years' enjoyment (or what less time remained on his lease), and no more. It is not alleged that the rents were then high. Indeed, though some persons contend that the rents of forty years ago are the fairest criterion of what they ought to be to-day in Ireland, the Commissioners have actually fixed the fair rent at some ten per cent. above the leasehold rent of that year. Nor is it alleged that any tenant was solicited to improve his holding, or that the landlord infringed in any way the covenants of the lease. The consequence was that, when the leases fell in, the improvements, if any, became the

landlord's property as fairly and justly as if he had paid for them with a cheque on his bankers. They were made under an express agreement; the tenants had been free not to make them if they thought the allotted term of enjoyment insufficient, and they had had that term. They had more; for it was not till three years after the expiry of the leases that a revaluation was made. That is to say, Archdeacon CRAWFORD bought his tenants' improvements by giving them twenty-four years' enjoyment of them (or less in proportion) when his covenant bound him only to give them twenty-one. Further, the ground of the reduction is not that the revaluation was excessive, but that the element of increase was in the Sub-Commissioners' opinion not proved, despite the express and fulfilled contract just mentioned, to be the property of the landlord. This is the real point of importance, and it would remain of importance even if it were proved that the CRAWFORD rents were actually too high for the value of the land. Lord MONCK thinks that the view adverse to the Commissioners' construction was "raised, discussed, and decided in the 'negative' in Parliament. Familiarity, painfully gained, with that interminable discussion will enable any man who has gained it to meet this statement with a direct contradiction. That the Act might operate in some such way was indeed suggested by adverse critics; but the suggestion, in whatever form it was made, was always met by strenuous denials on the part of the Government. As for the particular case, no such operation of the Act was even hinted to Parliament as intended by its promoters, and it is safe to say that not a hundred members, exclusive of the Land League representatives, could have been got to vote for it.

The alarm—it would perhaps be safer to say the indignation—which has been aroused by the initial proceedings of the Sub-Commissioners is, however, by no means confined to this particular decision. The principles on which some of these gentlemen seem to go, and which certainly account sufficiently for the results at which they arrive, are of so extraordinary a nature that it is at first sight difficult to believe that they are seriously enunciated, still more that they are seriously acted on. Professor BALDWIN's dictum, that the Commission has nothing to do with the capabilities of the land in other hands than those of the actual tenant, is sufficiently surprising. It may be a logical deduction from the partnership theory, though even that would be somewhat hard to make out; but how it can be consistent with the injunction of the Act to consider the interests of landlord and tenant respectively it is impossible to see. It is perhaps useless to insist on its extraordinary injustice to the landlord in defining the value of his contribution to be simply the minimum that a lazy, an unskilful, or an ill-conditioned partner chooses to get out of it. Justice to the landlord is said, with some truth, if also with some effrontery, to be an obsolete plea. But it may perhaps be pointed out that nothing can be less for the interest of the tenant himself, or of the country generally, than that in a land of thriftless, wasteful, unscientific cultivation, a premium should be put on cultivation that is thriftless and unscientific. On Professor BALDWIN's carefully formulated axiom, the tenants of the future have only deliberately to waste the land towards the end of each fifteen-year period to ensure a reduction of rent. But even this dictum has not on the present occasion carried off the prize of anti-landlordist paradox and fallacy. Before one or other of the former Commissions an ingenious witness is said to have expressed his opinion that a fair rent for a bachelor was not a fair rent for a man with a family. The answer was at the time laughed at as an amusingly hyperbolic expression of the tenant-right theory, a characteristic sally of audacious Irish humour. It now appears that it was nothing of the kind. On Saturday last at Newtownards Mr. SOMERSET WARD, a land agent, was gravely asked "whether he had calculated what margin would be 'necessary to enable a farmer of such and such a class, 'with an average family, to live in decency and comfort.'" Strange to say, Mr. WARD "admitted" that he had never made any such calculation, and this admission is spoken of by a businesslike and impartial reporter as evidence of the carelessness with which the landlords' cases are got up. This is not a thing devised by the enemy—a *canard* of the Property Defence Association. It is vouched for by the Irish Correspondent of the principal London daily paper which supports the Government and the Land Act. In other words, the golden age to which KINGSLEY's

labourer looked back has returned for the small Irish tenant. "So soon as a man got a fresh child, he went 'and got another loaf allowed him next Vestry like a 'Christian.'" The Irish tenant has a more ample recognition of his Christianity, for he goes to the Land Court under the same circumstances and gets a reduction of rent. The thing is of course incredible; it may very nearly be called impossible; but it nevertheless seems to be true, and a few minutes' thought shows that it is simply an expansion of Professor BALDWIN's general principle, and not much more than a reduction to particulars of the "live 'and thrive" principle of Mr. Justice O'HAGAN. There are, indeed, glimmerings of better sense in some of the Sub-Commissioners, as may be seen in the interruption of Mr. Sub-Commissioner KANE, when a tenant was taking the stereotyped oath that he could not live on his holding, to the effect that no one could expect to live on a holding of five acres—a remark which cuts at once at the root of the Land Act and of the decisions of the speaker's colleagues. But the general spirit appears to be to make the Act simply what it was predicted that it would be—a knife to cut annuities for the tenants out of the landlords' rent-roll—and to support this proceeding by solemnly formulated "principles" which read like a deliberate burlesque on common sense and justice.

THE BALCOMBE MURDER.

THE interest which was shown from the first in the crime which has now been finally decided to have been committed by PERCY LEFROY MAPLETON was perhaps less purely morbid than is usual in cases of murder. Against the fact that few murders, or attempts to murder, in railway-carriages have passed unpunished is to be set the apparent facility with which such attempts can be made, and the constant exposure of most people to them. In many cases there is hardly a day, and in most there is hardly a week, in which the average Englishman of the upper or middle class does not travel for a greater or less distance in a compartment of a railway carriage, with the chance of having a single companion totally unknown to him. The application of the parallel is therefore almost painfully easy. The length of time, moreover, during which the quest for LEFROY continued added to the excitement of the affair, and though, regarded either as a dramatic crime or as an interesting problem of evidence and law, the case could not be compared for a moment to the Penge and Balham affairs of a few years ago, it had perhaps an even stronger attraction for the great vulgar, and the small. There ought not to be any thought of comedy in connexion with a matter which has already involved one death, and must now involve another. But in some comments on the case it has been not very clear whether the critics were most gratified at the prospect of the sword of justice descending on a criminal, or at the certainty of the deterrent effect which would be exerted on possible railway murderers by the hanging of somebody, no matter whom. The confusion of thought is perhaps natural, if it is not very creditable, to the reasoning powers of those who labour under it.

Contrary to custom as recently established, the trial occupied no more than a reasonable time, and indeed the amount of relevant evidence procurable, or indeed of evidence relevant or irrelevant, was so small that it could hardly have been spun out. The old and tiresome dispute as to what is and what is not circumstantial evidence has of course been renewed, with the old failure to come to any satisfactory conclusion. The really satisfactory division of criminal cases is into cases where it can be shown to be impossible that any one but the prisoner committed the crime, and cases where it can only be shown to be in a more or less high degree improbable. The former class is of necessity almost entirely confined to those cases in which the act is committed in the actual presence of witnesses, and there are some persons who seem to think that the last punishment of the law ought not to be inflicted in any other. The case of LEFROY, no doubt, was not one of this kind. The evidence was, by the widest possible admission of hypothesis, just compatible with his not having committed the crime, and it was to the proving of this that Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, with remarkable ability, directed his efforts. It was not possible to make more of the discrepancy about the hats, the disappearance of the weapons with which the crime

was certainly committed, the doubt about the pawning of the revolver, the conflicting evidence of the persons who received LEFROY when he got out of the train, the strange episode of Mr. WESTON, the Brighton Town Councillor, and all the other slight handles which the case afforded, than was made by Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS. He succeeded in making out such a case that an exceedingly paradoxical jurymen might have chosen to concentrate his attention upon it to the exclusion of the other and more reasonable view. That view is, of course, that the "third person," though not absolutely impossible, is so nearly impossible that he must be left out of the question. When the third person is left out of the question LEFROY's case becomes absolutely hopeless. And, indeed, his own story at Brighton admits as much. He was certainly in the carriage with Mr. GOLD at Croydon; Mr. GOLD was certainly not in the carriage with him at Preston. He was injured exactly as he would most probably have been injured, on the theory of his guilt. He had the dead man's property on him, and his own property was found scattered about the carriage. He almost certainly had such a revolver as would have been used in the struggle. He certainly absconded in a most suspicious manner, and he failed to give any satisfactory account of his presence in the carriage at all. Therefore, when all the facts of the case are taken together, it is seen that the evidence against him is an unusually remarkable instance of a kind of evidence the name of which is as often abused as the name circumstantial. It would be impossible to present a much more formidable heap of cumulative testimony than that which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was able to pile up. The Hanoverian medals, the revolver pawning and redeeming, the condition of LEFROY at Brighton, the evidence of the women at Horley, the lame stories as to the Brighton journey, the watch and its place of hiding, were none of them, taken separately, inconsistent with a certain possibility of innocence; but that possibility became smaller and smaller as each was added to the others. When the whole was added together, there remained no possibility left except that infinitesimal possibility of the "third person" upon which Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS had to rely, and perhaps the difficulty of accepting the strange initial circumstances of the deed. It is in the highest degree improbable that Mr. GOLD's circumstances or person were known to LEFROY, and therefore the latter must be supposed to have started with his revolver on a general raid against humanity, choosing for the purpose one of the shortest trunk lines of railway which lead from London, and one of the most crowded. This would be *prima facie* improbable, just as the third person is *prima facie* possible. The jury, however, had to set these hypothetical considerations against the formidable mass of positive evidence on the other side. They found them wanting, and there can be no reasonable doubt that they were right so to find them, unless we are to lay down the rule that, so long as a murderer has the prudence to avoid actually committing his crime before witnesses, he must escape the gallows.

LORD COLERIDGE was, if anything, too lenient in his comments on the astounding conduct of the railway officials, and the still more astounding conduct of the Brighton police—matters which are by far the most important to the public safety of all those involved in the case. It has been hinted that the view of the trial which limits itself to the consideration of danger to railway travellers if LEFROY be not hanged is somewhat narrow. The view which omits the consideration of the extreme danger to railway travellers if anybody concerned in the extraordinary *laches* of the 27th of June escapes without the severest reprimand, and perhaps something more, is certainly not wide enough. Nothing has occurred, nor has one tittle of evidence been brought forward, to weaken what was said at the time of the transaction. It is perfectly clear that, if LEFROY had been luckier in his victim; if he had found, as he easily might have found, a considerable sum of ready money in Mr. GOLD's pockets; he would have had no difficulty in getting clear off. But, whether he would have had such difficulty, or whether he would not, does not affect the conduct of the officials. The utter imbecility of all concerned is such that, if a novelist had introduced it in his book, his critics would most assuredly have taken him to task for conceiving such improbable folly. It may be said that much is not expected of the police, but railway officials at least are supposed to have their wits about them. If LEFROY had

travelled with a wrong ticket, or had got into a wrong class of carriage, or had had two pounds of luggage more than the proper weight, those wits would, no doubt, have been exerted sharply enough. But the possession of a ticket *en règle* seems to quiet all the suspicions of a railway official. A carriage drenched with blood; a man obviously fresh from a desperate struggle, with watches in his boots, and flash coin in his pocket; a cock-and-bull story, which, even if it had been true, required instant action to be taken and a strict watch to be kept on the teller—none of these things, nor all of them together, had any effect upon the hearers. After this, even the detectives—one of whom good-naturedly suggests that the murderer should "go home to his friends," while the other admits "I knew that a body had been found in a tunnel without a watch, and that this man had a watch, of which he had given the wrong number, and yet I let him go"—are quite congruous and comprehensible. The case is, perhaps, a striking example of the brutal savagery of the human heart; it is certainly a striking example of the more than brutal folly of the human head.

CHEAP AND DEAR BOOKS.

UNPOPULAR authors—that is, all authors except a very few—are so situated that they would welcome almost any change in the methods of the publishing trade. They are therefore likely to catch eagerly at the prospect of securing a wider public and a little money which is offered in a rather sensible article in the *Times*. At present, as the *Times* observes, "the ordinary case of an author who writes a good and moderately successful book—leaving novels, for the moment, out of the reckoning—is that, after a thousand copies have been sold at half a guinea he finds himself with twenty or fifty pounds as his share of the profits." He may consider himself unusually lucky if his gains reach anything like the latter sum, if he has published on the system of receiving "half-profits." Now these results are not satisfactory to the author, and as the publisher has of course only received another sum of twenty pounds or so as his half of the profits, the publisher, too, has no reason to rejoice. Meanwhile "the great Public," as Mr. Goldwin Smith calls it, is also deserving of sympathy. It is not every one who can pay from ten to eighteen shillings for a work which we will suppose, for the sake of argument, to be not without solid merit. Now let us see how matters would have been ordered in France. The author's book would have been brought out at a published cost of three francs and a half, if in one, and of seven francs if in two volumes, instead of at a published cost of from ten shillings to a pound, as in England. The probable results would be that at least three French people would buy the French book for every one who bought the English book. According to the usual French arrangement the author would receive a royalty, say half a franc, on each copy of his work which was sold. If he only sold a thousand copies he would clear 20*l.*, which, we venture to think, is at least as much as he would gain on a thousand copies of an expensive English work. But, if he sold three thousand—which may be reckoned as probable—he would receive 60*l.*, while his work would lie on the shelves of thrice as many purchasers as he could hope for in England. Whatever may be thought of these calculations, it is a fact that French publishers find their profit in selling a solid historical work of between six and seven hundred pages for five francs. In England the book is translated, is published in two tall and portly volumes, is illustrated with second-hand woodcuts, and is offered to the world at the price of twenty-five shillings. It seems to be reasonable to expect a far wider popularity for a book published on the French system.

So far we have been examining the case of books which in England cost from ten shillings to a pound, and in France from three and a half to seven francs. Neither price would be considered cheap in America, where publishers can have English books for the stealing, and can bring out Mr. Arnold's poems, for example, in a form much resembling that of the *Saturday Review*, at a cost of about fivepence. An experiment in the production of English books at a similar price, and in similar pamphlet shape, has lately been made, and about this cheapest form of literature we have some remarks to offer. But, in the first place, we must examine the possibility of introducing the French system into England. It was started in France, we believe, by M. Michel Lévy. Observing that books were dear and readers comparatively few, he determined to offer the public his new works at three francs a volume, and his more established and familiar novels at a franc the volume. Neither M. Lévy nor the "eminent hands" who wrote for him had any cause to repent this arrangement, while the public showed its satisfaction by purchasing millions of books. We seldom see a French novel of the pre-Lévy epoch, but occasionally a copy of some book of the "Romantic" period comes into the market as a bibliographical curiosity. These novels of 1830 and later are tall and stout, and were originally expensive, though their present price is a purely fancy one. They were three or four times as dear, not really better printed, and not a quarter as handy as the ordinary French novel which we owe to

the enterprise of Michel Lévy. How would a similar change in the direction of cheapness and convenient size work in England? A novel of Mr. William Black, or of Mr. Hardy, or Mr. Payn is published in three volumes at a nominal price of thirty-one shillings and sixpence. Only the circulating libraries buy it in this shape. Later it comes out in a single volume, costing twice as much as *Numa Roumestan* or *Le Comte Kostia*. Very few people, comparatively speaking, buy novels in this form. Last comes a cheap volume, with a flaring picture on the cover, which is freely bought at the railway stalls for two shillings. Now let us imagine that *The Princess of Thule* or *The Duke's Children* were originally brought out, in a handy shape, for three shillings. Probably many thousands would at once be purchased by the public. But it is impossible to say that the arrangement would work as well as it does in France. The circulating library has become one of our institutions. As a consequence—and it is a melancholy one—we have ceased to buy books. Our London houses, especially, have scanty room for libraries. Our habits of living like respectable gipsies, and of moving perpetually from one house to another, interfere with the taste for collecting books, which are “holy, but heavy to carry,” as Mr. Swinburne says of Freedom. Thus the circulating library has become a part of our manners; we no longer buy books, we borrow them; and, in consequence, we rather skim them than read them. For ephemeral wants a slight ephemeral literature is supplied; and our novels are by no means such studied and permanent works of literary art as the better novels of France. All this is very much to be regretted. It seems almost certain that we owe the eternal stream of hopelessly feeble novels, and of frothy tedious books of travel, to the circulating library. No one in his senses would buy such books; but the clerk at the library packs them up in the parcels of subscribers, and they are languidly skimmed by people who find them on their tables. By these devices, the publishers of trash in three volumes are able probably to make some profit out of it. But if the French system prevailed among us, authors whose books no one bought would perhaps cease to plague the world with their weak inventions, and their trash would not constantly be brought to our houses by the mechanism of the circulating library. Thus everything seems on the side of the French system, except our confirmed habit, and the invincibly conservative custom of the trade. We have lost the habit of buying books; we have acquired the habits of borrowing and skimming. Again, the French system is not so cheap as it seems. French books must be bound, if they are not to fall to pieces, and this causes trouble, and at least doubles the price of each volume. On the whole, we fear that the bad and stupid system of the circulating library is likely to prevail in England; that books will remain dear and unread; and that the majority of even fairly successful authors will find that their writings bring in only infinitesimal profits.

The American system of producing books in a kind of pamphlet or newspaper shape, at a very low price, is easy enough, of course, in America, where the copyright of English books costs the publisher nothing at all, and where there is an enormous reading public, careless of the delicacies of good type and thick paper. The plan has been imitated in England by people who can afford to make the experiment—the publishers of Lady Brassey's *Voyage of the Sunbeam* and of Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*. Both books are so extremely popular, and the latter has been so far out of the reach of poor but loyal and curious students, that the experiment is sure to succeed. According to the *Times*, “it is said that over a hundred thousand *Sunbeams* have already been sold,” and this is not surprising. As to the *Life of the Prince Consort*, “the public will be able to buy for half-a-crown what has hitherto cost them four pounds.” Both books will reach that “immense” public which knows not Mr. Tennyson or Thackeray, and which has lived on Mr. Spurgeon's *John Ploughman* for Sundays and the *Family Herald* for week-day reading. But, however much we may wish it were otherwise, it is certain that only a few books of the better class would be bought at a sixpenny price by the “immense” public. What they want is absolute simplicity of style, and matter which, as the slang goes, is “palpitating with actuality.” How few books answer to this description! Perhaps it would be a salutary thing for authors to have to appeal to a public that only cares for facts stated in a manner absolutely transparent. But so little is understood of this great unknown public that, not improbably, they might admire Mr. Tennyson and revel in Mr. Browning's less intelligible writings. We have seen it stated that Mr. Browning's complete works cost six pounds. Now poetry is not a ware that can be procured from the circulating library. To know a poet we must keep his volumes always close at hand, and read them in many moods. It is not all lovers of poetry that can afford to invest in six pounds' worth of Mr. Browning. Probably the Americans, *felices nimium*, can buy his complete writings for a little less than a dollar. But the cheap American pirates certainly do not steal all the works, for example, of Mr. Swinburne. Probably they wisely reckon that the fivepenny public does not care for *Bothwell*. Were it possible to believe that, if our publishers published cheap books, the Americans would consent to a copyright treaty, the experiment might be ventured on. The enormous and incalculable increase of the market would make cheap books possible. But we sincerely trust that the sixpenny form of publication, which degrades a book into a frowsy dog-eared newspaper, will never prevail in England. That form of publication makes people careless of books which we should cherish as the dearest of possessions

and the kindest and most changeless of friends. A man will throw away a sixpenny Milton or Scott as he throws away an old newspaper. It can never become an inmate and an ornament of his house, as a book ought to be. It will of necessity become thumbed and dirty, pages will fall out, and the pamphlet will in a few weeks be unsightly and worthless, fit for the waste-paper basket, not for the bookshelf. One result will be the rapid, reckless reading which already exists as a consequence of the system of the circulating library. Mr. Ruskin has always defended the high price of his own books, on the ground that people should be ready to make sacrifices for what is truly valuable. The material workmanship of our books should command respect. This is not, we believe, inconsistent with comparative cheapness. Some French editions of French classics, published at a franc a volume, are really exquisite books in their way. But the material aspect of a sixpenny pamphlet book is merely hideous, and soon becomes slatternly. It is, therefore, not disagreeable to reflect that few English books are so popular as to be likely to appear in newspaper form.

THE ROSIERE OF RATCLIFF HIGHWAY.

THE encouragement of virtue would seem, to the superficial observer, peculiarly appropriate in the neighbourhood of St. George's Street, formerly known in the *Newgate Calendar* and elsewhere as Ratcliff Highway. It is true that the place has acquired, from various causes, a certain reputation of the kind called, by sarcastic people, undesirable. Some eighty years ago, for instance, a most artistic murderer, in the wholesale line, practised here; he has been immortalized by De Quincey, and his memory still survives among the natives, who probably do not read that writer. One murderer, however, is hardly able alone to confer a stamp upon a whole parish. It is also true that there are docks, and dock labourers, and sailors, and drinking-shops, in St. George's, and ladies who stand in the open all day with knitting-needles in their hands and shawls upon their heads; and it is also true that the place is grimy and the houses mean. It may further be charged against this street that Jaurach's is in it; for, if Rob the Grinder found pigeons demoralizing, what must be the influence of the puma? In point of fact, the district, if not entirely opposed to the cause of virtue, is ostentatiously ill-favoured; it parades its dirt; yet it is said, by those who know it best, not to be so bad as it has painted itself. One would certainly rather live in St. George's Street than in Drury Lane; some parts of Soho are a great deal more dangerous; and there is a certain collection of streets at the end of the Commercial Road, opposite the Foreign Sailors' Home, compared with which St. George's Street is clean and Cable Street respectable. Therefore, while we congratulate St. George's on the possession of a stimulus to virtue peculiar to itself, we refrain from the exhibition of supercilious superiority as regards the virtue of our own parish; we may even envy the parishioners an endowment which yearly transforms a virtuous maid into a *Rosière*, a prize young woman, a damsel whose successful resistance to all temptations, together with luck in the lottery, has handed her over to her lover, not only charming in herself and adorned with the graces of proved virtue, but possessed as well of that unusual thing among English brides, a *dot*.

The existence of the singular institution to which we are calling attention is as good as unknown outside the parish. Like many other London customs and endowments, it can be found duly noted in works on the great city, and has been, we believe, described quite recently by the present Rector of the parish in his book on the East End. Yet, on the occasion of the latest function in connexion with it, that of November the 5th last, the present writer seemed the only outsider who came to see the ceremony; nor did it appear, from information received, that strangers ever do attend, or that the world of reporters and descriptive-article writers are at all aware of what a curious and interesting ceremony may be witnessed twice every year among the slums north of the London Docks.

Early in the last century there flourished on the north bank of the Thames, among the sailors of Wapping, Shadwell, and Poplar, a brewer named Henry Raine. It was a time when the foundation of almshouses was more common than that of schools, as may be proved by an afternoon's walk down Whitechapel, Mile End Road, or any of the northern or north-eastern roads out of London. Mr. Henry Raine, probably thinking it of greater importance to train up the young in the way they should go than to provide shelter for those of the old who have unhappily gone the other way, founded a school for boys and girls, fifty of each, with salaries for master and mistress. This done and the school well started, he presently built and endowed an asylum for girls, to be taken out of the school, trained for four years in the duties of domestic service, and then put out into good places. The girls were not necessarily to be orphans, but they were to remain under some sort of *surveillance* for four years after leaving the asylum. If during that time they kept their good character, and found a lover also of good character, who must be a native of St. George's or an adjoining parish, and a Churchman, they might, at the age of twenty-two, draw lots with other girls who fulfilled the same conditions for a marriage portion of one hundred pounds. If the number of forty girls of the asylum is kept up, there might therefore be as many

as ten candidates for this lottery every year; but it is obvious that early marriage, departure from the parish, impatience of four years' waiting, or engagement with a man not belonging to the stipulated parishes, and perhaps even the loss of character, are all accidents tending to lower the number; and, in fact, when the drawing of lots took place last May, there were, we believe, but two candidates, the unsuccessful one of whom received last Saturday, without any competition, the prize which she had lost in May. The drawing of lots, the marriage ceremony, and the ceremony of presentation, are all regulated by custom and order supposed to have been arranged by Raine himself.

The church itself rises, an immense mass of stone, among a network of lanes and streets of a meanness only to be equalled by parts of Marylebone and Soho. The church doors open upon a broad stone terrace or raised platform approached by stone steps, a feature which gives it a certain dignity. Behind it, cut out of the once great churchyard filled with the graves of the forgotten dead, they have made a green space with winding paths, flower beds and seats, the one bright and pleasant spot in this squalid parish. In warm and sunny weather the seats are always occupied and the walks crowded. It is the Park of St. George's Street and Cable Street, what it is now the pretty anatomical custom to call a Lung. Surely it is better to convert the old churchyards into such open spaces, sacred to fresh air and flowers, than to leave them—as, for instance, the vast area round Stepney Church is left—a dreary, uncared-for waste of headstones, the names on which could not be more forgotten than they are, even were all the slabs to be carted away and converted into lime. To-day the garden is empty, although the sunshine lies on the withered flowers, for the women, old and young, who chiefly use the place are gathered about the railings outside the church or are standing upon the terrace waiting the arrival of the bride, though it is half an hour before the time. It is not, they tell each other, the grand day of the year; the parish will not be paraded by the schools; there will be no dinner in the evening; but the essentials—the hundred-pound prize and the Virtuous Maiden—these are things which belong to both days. Presently arrive the girls of the Asylum with their matron. They are clad in white and blue, with high, starched caps of white, also trimmed with blue ribbons, a dress more becoming than that of some unlucky girls in charity schools, yet designed and invented, one doubts not, by the masculine mind. No woman would ever have invented such a dress for girls. They take up their place at the south side of the choir. Their faces, which are rosy, bright, and show good feeding and kind treatment, express the liveliest satisfaction with the proceedings; it is, they feel, in their honour that this function is celebrated; it is one of themselves who is the central figure of this procession; for them is the church crammed with the women of the parish; for them the Treasurer and the Governors are ready with their wands of office; in their honour the Raine's boys, whose virtue must be its own reward because there is no hundred-pound prize for them, are sent to the church, and stand opposite to them in the choir; not a girl but feels on this joyful occasion that she herself may one day be the heroine of this triumphal morn. When the bride is led up the aisle and deposited beside the happy groom, there is a great gasp of sympathy from the girls and another, apparently of envy, from the women who crowd the church. In the faces of those who look down upon her from the galleries, the happy *Rosière* may read the question why they, no doubt equally virtuous, are not equally favoured. It is a question which humanity is always asking, but as yet without receiving any answer. Then the bells, which have been clanging and clashing to welcome another victory of virtue, are silent, and the service is commenced.

When the morning prayers are finished and the wedding service begins, we sing a hymn while the Treasurer and Governors, clinging to their wands, gather round the bridal party at the altar. They mean well, and one cannot on these occasions have too much ceremony; but it looks somehow as if they were resolved not to let the bride run away. Can there have been, before the days of Raine, a survival, even in St. George's, of the old bridal custom of flight and pursuit? And did the respectable Raine set his face against that custom? The bride, who is naturally conscious of the grandeur of a position which she must have ardently desired for eight years at least, bears herself with commendable modesty, while the bridegroom, a stout-built young fellow of her own age, shows in his glowing cheeks and downcast eyes a true spirit of humility. But on such an occasion, who cares about the bridegroom? And when the Rector concludes the service with a brief and sensible little sermon on the duties of the married state, we all feel that the bride knows them already, and turn our eyes upon the bridegroom, for whom alone the admonition must be meant, in the hope that he is heedfully attending. Then the service is over, and we sing old Luther's Hymn of Praise, and the organ peals out the Wedding March, and the married pair step proudly down the aisle, with tears of mingled triumph, modesty, and shame in their eyes, and the Asylum girls with many smiles walk after them between a line of all the boys and girls on Raine's Foundation. Outside, the bells begin again, and there is a roar of voices, and the greeting of the multitude.

The conclusion of the ceremony takes place in the Vestry Hall. It has a fine aroma of the eighteenth century about it, and the Trustees should, for the occasion, assume buckles, stockings, and a Ramillies wig, or "a fine flowing Adonis." We are gathered in the largest chamber; seats are ranged so as to form a hollow square; the boys stand all round the room; at the lower end is a

harmonium, behind which are the Asylum girls; at the upper end is a table with a chair for the President, who is the Rector. When everybody is in his place, we begin by singing an Ode in honour of Henry Raine. It is a fine piece of work, perhaps the production of some Lord Mayor's Laureate, with a chorus—

Proclaim his worth, fulfil the plan
Of this unrivalled friend of man;

and set to music, the composer of which, like the poet, remains unknown. Yet it is a fine, rambling air, running cheerfully up and down the scale, from the lowest to the highest notes of the girls who sing, an air unrestrained by the ordinary trammels, as befits music set for the impassioned Ode:—

And when long years have come and gone,
Still shall the work of good go on;
And many a nymph and many a swain
Shall bless with joy the name of Raine.

This done, the bride and bridegroom advance towards the Chairman, who addresses them in a few words of congratulation and admonition, all eyes being again turned towards the bridegroom, because of course he is the one who most wants both to be admonished and congratulated. It is needless to say that the present Rector of St. George's acquits himself of the task with the utmost good sense, taste, and feeling; and then the bride receives the *dot*—a hundred golden sovereigns in a long purse of the good old-fashioned kind dear to pickpockets, fifty sovereigns at either end. The married couple again retire while we sing a second Ode, after which the Chairman and Governors shake hands with the newly-married pair, and we all retire, the natives of Cable Street, whose faces are much more grimy than human faces in any other part of the habitable globe, being gathered in a circle round the door, under the protection of two policemen. Taken in fifties, these grimy faces produce a terrifying effect, and one is glad to see the policemen. But the people do not really desire to rend and tear us, though a visitor for the first time may think so. They are only curious to gaze upon a young woman whose merits and whose fortune have proved so great as to start her in life with a hundred pounds—a whole hundred pounds.

These marriages generally, it is said, turn out well. To be sure, when a girl has gone through eight years' training and supervision; when during all that time she has had dangled before her eyes this long purse with the glittering sovereigns, she must have thoroughly realized the solid value of virtue, and she must have perceived, in addition, the importance of not "keeping company" with any toss-pot who may offer. The *Rosière* may in after years give herself airs over her own extraordinary goodness and the great fortune it enabled her to bring her husband; the good man would probably endure these in patience; and the virtue will remain when the money is all gone. For even a hundred pounds will not last for ever; it is only good for a start, to supply the funds for one bold venture, or for furnishing, or for putting in a napkin and hiding away. As regards the bridegroom of last Saturday, he is a carman by trade, and it was whispered that with his hundred pounds he will attempt something superior in the Fish line. May he increase and multiply, if only for the further glorification of good old Raine—the "unrivalled friend of man."

ARCHBISHOP MACHALE.

THE "Lion of the Tribe of Judah," who could boast with Nestor of having lived through three generations of men, and who almost seemed gifted with an immortal youth, has passed away at last. John MacHale, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, died on Monday last in his ninety-first year. To many of the present generation his name may hardly be familiar, but there was a time when it was as much a household word in Ireland, and as great a terror to evil-doers—that is to English Ministers, on whom he would have bestowed no milder designation—as that of his friend and ally Daniel O'Connell, or in later days of Mr. Parnell. Not that it would be at all fair to compare the sturdy, pugnacious, outspoken old patriot who has just gone from us with the interesting denizens of Kilmaham Gaol, or even with his archiepiscopal brother of Cashel who has so tardily recognized the binding force of the eighth commandment on his countrymen. John of Tuam was in former days generally violent, often wrong-headed, and sometimes positively mischievous, but he was always transparently honest. If he loved Ireland "not wisely but too well," even the heartless Saxon never dreamt of doubting that his love was genuine; he did not make Ireland a stalking-horse for personal greed or ambition, and it is only fair to admit, what is implied in subsequent legislation, that many of the grievances he denounced so sharply were real and serious ones. Something too must be allowed for the force of early association in a man whose memory went back to the age of the penal laws and who could only get his schooling by stealth from teachers of his own faith. Those were days when, as Sydney Smith characteristically expressed it, "the man who hinted at the abominable tyranny and persecution exercised upon Catholic Ireland was shunned as unfit for the relations of social life." Johnny MacHale, the future archbishop, and fifth son of a small farmer in the county of Mayo, picked up the first rudiments of learning under a hedge from the contraband but tolerated instructions of the Roman Catholic village schoolmaster. This was all the teaching he got till he was thirteen, and he used to tell in after days how he remembered a priest being hanged at Castlebar for giving

refreshment to two French officers who passed his door. Such reminiscences were not likely to foster any very lively affection for the English Government in a high-spirited boy of more than average capabilities and devoted alike to his country and his Church. Being an aspirant to the priesthood young MacHale was sent to Maynooth at sixteen, and at the unusually early age of twenty-three was not only ordained priest but made deputy professor of Dogmatic Theology, succeeding five years later, on the death of Professor Hogue, to his vacant chair. But, though he discharged this office with credit for eleven years, it was not as a theologian or a scholar that he was destined to be chiefly known. His Maynooth lectures, however able, did not attract so much attention as the vigorous letters in vindication of the doctrine and discipline of his Church which during the same period were constantly appearing in an Irish newspaper under the signature of "Hierophilus," and which were known to come from his pen. It was perhaps to the celebrity thus obtained that he owed his elevation to the episcopate at the age of thirty-four, being consecrated in 1825 Coadjutor Bishop of Killala, *cum jure successionis*; and he attained only nine years later, when he was himself but forty-three, the highest rank in the hierarchy as Archbishop of Tuam.

Dr. MacHale, like so many of the Irish priesthood, was from the first quite as much of a politician as an ecclesiastic, and he was not the kind of man to allow his personality to be extinguished by a mitre. On the contrary his pen, never suffered to lie idle, was now more than ever at the service of O'Connell and the Catholic Association. When in 1831 he paid the prescribed visit *ad limina Apostolorum*—a provision admirably adapted for keeping the episcopate well under the thumb of the Curia—he utilized this period of comparative leisure for the composition of a series of descriptive letters on sights and scenes in the foreign countries he had to traverse. But on his return he lost no time in proving that his hand had not lost its cunning by addressing to Lord Grey three letters, the first denouncing his Coercion Bill, the second assailing the Established Church, the third in support of the incipient agitation for Repeal. This was before his elevation to the archbishopric in 1834. But for ten years afterwards an almost unbroken series of missives appeared on all sorts of Irish questions—Maynooth, public education, Poor Laws, tenant-right, "Godless Colleges," Tithes Bill, and the like—authenticated by the well-known signature of "John, Archbishop of Tuam." There were few men better loved in Ireland generally, or better hated in the English "Pale." His last conspicuous appearance in what may be called the capacity of an agitator was at a monster meeting held in the Rotunda at Dublin in 1850 to protest against Lord John Russell's abortive Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and he is said to have been the first prelate publicly to violate the Act, when passed, by an ostentatious use of the forbidden title in a letter dated from St. Jarlath's. But it was not only or chiefly advancing age which reduced the last thirty years of the Archbishop's long and active life to comparative obscurity. Great as had been his services to the Church in various ways, they had not been wrought in exactly the way that Rome most warmly appreciates, and when in 1850 the gentle and gracious Archbishop Murray, titular Primate, was called to his rest, it was resolved to thrust on the recalcitrant clergy and prelaty of Ireland—who had sent up three very different names to Rome for the vacant dignity—a superior who should forcibly wrest from Dr. MacHale the virtual leadership of the Irish Roman Catholic Church which he had for many years enjoyed. No two men could well be more utterly unlike in their tastes, feelings, and antecedents, than Cardinal Cullen—trained at Rome in all the wisdom of the strictest sect of curialists—an Irishman, if you please, but first a Catholic—and the sturdy old nationalist of St. Jarlath's. Dr. MacHale had translated part of the *Iliad* and Thomas Moore's *Melodies* into Irish; Dr. Cullen had probably never read a word of either work. For purely Irish questions and interests, as such, Dr. Cullen cared little or nothing; for thoroughly Romanizing the Irish hierarchy and priesthood—who hated Protestantism more than they loved the Pope, and hated it chiefly as the creed of English heretics—he cared very much, and therefore he was sent to Dublin. He was a pious, honest, narrow-minded, obstinate, illiterate man, with strong views, and not devoid of a certain kind of astuteness, and he had the whole weight of Rome, under the despotic rule of Pius IX., at his back. Moreover, he was perfectly willing to cultivate friendly relations with the English Government in the interests of the Church. Of course he gained his end. The waning star of John of Tuam paled before the rising sun, and he who had long been the most influential prelate in Ireland became thenceforth rather a memory than a living force, *magni nominis umbra*, the respected but discredited representative of an obsolete school and a bygone age. He retained indeed to the last, very justly, the reverence and affection of his own clergy and people, among whom he had always laboured indefatigably in the discharge of his pastoral duties; and when the jubilee of his episcopal consecration was solemnized in 1875, poor and rich alike united in testifying their sentiments of gratitude and respect for their venerable diocesan. Yet even here his satisfaction cannot have been wholly unalloyed, for a coadjutor, not of his own choice, and of the modern Ultramontane school, was thrust upon him in his old age by Cardinal Cullen, and became the real administrator of the diocese.

Once again, during these later years, at a critical moment in the history of his Church, the name of Archbishop MacHale attained a temporary prominence. Theology, as we have already observed, was not his speciality, though he had held for several years a theo-

logical professorship at Maynooth, and had published a work on the *Evidences and Doctrines of the Church*, which passed through three editions. But he was too good a theologian and had too hearty a dislike to despotism of every kind not to be strongly opposed as well to the infallibilist programme of the Vatican Council, as to the crooked tactics by which it was promoted. Possibly too, as is suggested in the *Letters of Quirinus*, there was a shade of personal feeling in the tone of his spirited rejoinder to the Irish primate; "it was the accumulated debt of twenty years he paid off to Cardinal Cullen." But the provocation at all events was not inconsiderable, when Cardinal Cullen—with such facts staring him in the face as the authorized circulation in every Irish diocese of Keenan's *Controversial Catechism*, which roundly repudiates the dogma of papal infallibility as "a Protestant invention"—calmly asserted that "the mind of Ireland has always been infallibilist," and appealed to the testimony of Dr. MacHale himself in support of this audacious paradox. "It made," we are told, "no slight impression when the grey-haired MacHale rose to repudiate the pretended belief in infallibility, not merely for himself but for Ireland." A month later, shortly before the end of the debate, the Archbishop again, according to *Quirinus*, "spoke with great severity against the decree, the fatal consequences of which he seems to appreciate better than most of his Irish colleagues." And in the voting of July 13 his name appears among the fourteen Archbishops who met the proposed new dogma with an indignant *Non placet*. It is true that he yielded afterwards and promulgated it in his diocese, and his imperfect grasp of theological and historical learning may have enabled him to offer this "sacrifice of the intellect," as Jesuit divines term it, with less conscientious difficulty, though hardly with less disgust, than some of his brethren, who, like Haneberg and Hefele, understood well enough the true nature of that "triumph of dogma over history" in which they tardily and reluctantly consented to acquiesce. The Archbishop of Tuam knew, indeed—none better—that the doctrine had been again and again formally repudiated by the Irish episcopate, and it must have gone sorely against the grain with him to take part in a public confession that on this fundamental point they had one and all misconceived the true teaching of their Church. But with doctrinal controversies, as such, he had never specially concerned himself. He was a man of war from his youth, and, hard as it might be to swallow the novel pretensions of an Ultramontane Pope, and a Pope who took Cardinal Cullen for his mouthpiece, it would have been harder still to seem to betray the cause of the Papacy, for which he had fought all his life against the heretic oppressors of his country and her ancient faith. With him has passed away the last perhaps of a race of ecclesiastics inflexible alike in their patriotism and their religious fidelity, in whom there was much to admire, if there was also something to desiderate and something to deplore. They were men who combined a Spartan independence of character with the zeal and patience of Christian martyrs, and of whom it may justly be said that they sought first the cause of truth and righteousness, as they understood it, and were content to let all lower and personal considerations take their chance. They were outspoken almost to a fault, and if their frankness at times degenerated into brutality, it was not when their own selfish interests or those of their order were at stake, but when they deemed that the rights of religion and liberty were being trampled under foot. If Ireland is less amenable than of old to priestly influence, that is not, from a social and political point of view, an unmixed advantage. Archbishop MacHale used at one time to be denounced, and not unreasonably denounced, as a firebrand, yet later experience has taught us that Irishmen may follow worse and more dangerous guidance. He never scrupled to show his hand, and could at least be reckoned on as a generous friend or an open foe. His co-religionists especially would do well to bear in mind that the genuine respect and confidence which he inspired throughout his long episcopate was bestowed on one who never forgot in the zealous and unwearied discharge of his official duties that he was a man, a citizen, and a Christian as well as a priest.

MR. IRVING ON THE DRAMA.

THE opening address of the present session of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution was delivered on Tuesday last by Mr. Henry Irving, who was fortunate both in his subject and his audience. Edinburgh audiences, both at the theatre and at the Philosophical Institution, are deservedly famed for the intelligent encouragement which they give to good things; and Mr. Irving, who naturally enough selected "The Stage as It Is" as the text of his discourse, devoted himself to showing how the two interests referred to are really at one with each other. Mr. Irving, in his opening remarks, went straight to the point. He had chosen the stage for his subject "because to my profession I owe it that I am here, and every dictate of taste and of fidelity impels me to honour it"; and he had further chosen "The Stage as It Is" because "it is very empty honour that is paid to the drama in the abstract, and withheld from the theatre as a working institution in our midst." From this the speaker went on to descant, not, let us hope, too jubilantly, on the further text "nous avons changé tout cela." He congratulated his hearers and himself upon the fact that the habit of pretending to appreciate Shakspeare more in reading him than in seeing him acted had almost died out. This he justly described as being "a common method of affecting special

superiority"; and it is to be feared that this and cognate methods of affectation are not quite so dead as we might wish them to be, although, no doubt, much has been done by Mr. Irving and others to put an end to them. We remember well receiving from "a superior person," in answer to a question about the English stage, the reply that it was only French acting, and of that only the acting seen at the Français, which was worth the attention of a creature endowed with intellect. There will probably always be people who keep an intellect in this way, just as in other ways there are people who keep a soul, and probably also the wisdom of the two classes is about on a par. But it may, we trust, be considered that the amount of nonsense talked about Shakspeare's plays being more fitted for the closet than the stage is, as Mr. Irving said, diminishing. That the reaction should lead to such harmless, if extravagant, nonsense in the opposite direction as the grave presentment of the first quarto of *Hamlet* on a public stage by a company of untrained amateurs is, perhaps, a good rather than an evil sign. It is, after all, an attempt, however injudicious, to emulate the good results attained by the study and performance of practised actors, as to whose methods of arriving at their effects Mr. Irving spoke interestingly from his own experience. As soon, he said, as such an actor knows the author's text enough to feel self-possessed, without feeling the carelessness of familiarity, he begins, from the "mere automatic" delivery of the part at rehearsal and in performance, to get new lights thrown upon the meaning of what he has to do. To use Mr. Irving's own words, this action gives "the personage being played an individuality partly independent of, and yet consistent with, and rendering more powerfully visible, the dramatist's conception." From this we may conclude that Mr. Irving agrees with Diderot and with M. Coquelin in thinking that the actor should never be so lost in his own part as to be unable to preserve a personality of his own, which can watch and control the movements of the acted personage. In other words, if a sudden "inspiration" occurs to him of speaking a particular speech or making a particular action in a new and better manner, he must be master enough of himself to speak or move with the judgment of experience as well as with the force of impulse. His intonation and gesture must seem unpremeditated, but must not really be so. This has, as a matter of fact, been the rule with most fine players, and those who have departed from it have done so at the risk of frequently missing the great effects which their audiences have been taught to expect. Fine effects have, indeed, on many historical occasions been produced by mere stage accidents being turned to good account at the moment, and afterwards reproduced deliberately by practised actors. And of course the player who can note and make admirable use of such a thing as the chance unfastening of the garter outside his stocking can also, even while he is playing the beginning of a given passage in his accustomed way, conceive and execute a better way than he has yet found for delivering its conclusion. And it is no doubt the power which a fine actor has of catching new impressions, whether at rehearsal or in performance, and embodying them with due judgment in his playing, which "has led the French to speak of the creation of a part" by the actor who first plays it and makes it tell with the audience. In fact, in the case, at any rate, of a new part, an actor of power shares to a not inconsiderable extent in the author's invention, and, as Mr. Irving justly said, "French authors are so conscious of the extent and value of this co-operation of actors with them, that . . . they are uniformly lavish in their homage to the artists who have created on the boards the parts which they themselves have created on paper."

We have, however, been led away into the consideration of technicalities upon which Mr. Irving dwelt, as was fitting, but slightly in his address. A good deal of what he said was devoted to a consideration of the improved status of the stage as a profession; and, no doubt, there is here room for rejoicing. It may be questioned, however, whether Mr. Irving did not, consciously or unconsciously, overcharge his sketch of the past so as to heighten its contrast with the present. It is no doubt true that more young men of good education and breeding betake themselves to the stage as a profession now than formerly; but the proposition can hardly be advanced that in the last generation or two any stigma, out of extra-Puritan circles, rested on a man of breeding and education because he was an actor. It would be easy enough to adduce names to prove that this was not the case, nor perhaps did Mr. Irving mean that it was; but his statements and suggestions were, as reported, a trifle vague and sweeping. What, for instance, is the meaning of the assertion that "there are now few poor players. Whatever variety of fortune and merit there may be among them, they have the same degrees of prosperity and respect as come to members of other vocations"? Did Mr. Irving intend to say that there are now fewer "supers" and "utility people" than there used to be, or did he merely mean to emphasize the fact that players who do not pretend to the very highest artistic rank are more frequently seen at social gatherings than used to be the case? This, as we take it, is not entirely due to a marked change in the attitude of laymen. Before the days of long runs players had considerably less time than they now have for mingling in the outside world's amusements, and we have heard it suggested by a distinguished actor that the extent to which this is now done is not an unmixed good so far as the art of acting is concerned. However, no one will wish to dissent from Mr. Irving's general proposition that "the type" of people who make the stage a profession "is vastly improved by public recognition." But the same thing

might perhaps be said with equal truth of the type of some other professions, and notably of journalism. Mr. Irving, diverging from this point—to which, however, he presently returned—went on to speak of actors who "lament that there are now no schools for actors. This is a very idle lamentation. Every actor in full employment gets plenty of schooling, for the best schooling is practice, and there is no school so good as a well-conducted playhouse."

This is surely something like an avoidance of the question. We have never heard that there were at any time "schools," except on a small scale, for actors in England, and there are probably more such schools now than there used to be. Nor is any one likely to deny that, under certain conditions, the best possible schooling is to be got in a well-conducted playhouse. The question really is, whether, with the system of long runs, a playhouse, however well conducted, affords the necessary conditions. Far more actors now come upon the London stage than was formerly the case without having "gone through the mill"; and we have always understood that the necessity felt by some people for "schools" was partly due to the fact or belief that the old system of rough-and-ready learning by means of playing a number of different parts every week was on its last legs, and that something was wanted to replace it. The difference between playing, say Guildenstern in *Hamlet*, for a hundred nights running, and playing six or more different parts every week for the same space of time, is surely considerable, as far as mere training goes, to say nothing of the other difference between playing to audiences accustomed to express and audiences accustomed to repress their emotions and opinions. But Mr. Irving went on to contradict himself, apparently, in a curious way on this matter. Many fine qualities, he said truly enough, are needed for efficiency in acting, among them "considerable cultivation; delicate instincts of taste; and a power at once refined and strong of perceiving and expressing to others the significance of language." How all this is to be acquired or cultivated by playing the same part night after night we fail to see. Still less can we agree with Mr. Irving that "little of all this can be got in a mere training school, but all of it will come forth more or less fully armed from the actor's brain in the process of learning his art by practice." In the "mere training school" of the Conservatoire actors are certainly taught how to enunciate, how to emphasize, how to move well and effectively, before they try their fortunes before an audience. The proposition that it is better for them to be pitchforked on to the stage and learn all these things in the presence and at the cost of audiences would be absurd enough, and we can hardly suppose that this is what Mr. Irving intended. No doubt, "the way to learn a thing is to do it," but something should surely be learnt *in statu pupillari* before mastership is attempted. Mr. Irving's own success is a striking testimony to the value of early training in playing a variety of parts of altogether different calibre, and it would be matter for regret if, through any vagueness either in his speech or in the reporting of his speech, he should seem to depreciate the importance of this. With what he went on to say about the fussy people who think they have a mission for reforming the stage, we are disposed entirely to agree. What would be thought of a body of people who started an association for the "reform" of one of the "learned professions"? And yet the small amount contributed by the stage to the annals of crime is well known enough. As to the wider question of what may be called "the stage as a moral agent," what Mr. Irving said was well conceived and well put, although he naturally enough touched lightly, or not at all, on the success of pieces the chief attraction of which is a spice of indecency. The question really ends with the fact that people will go to see good things when they get the chance, and, so long as human nature remains what it is, they will probably also go to see things which are in a certain sense bad. But this need not prevent us from rejoicing that Mr. Irving's efforts to give them good things are untiring, and meet with full response.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE ONCE MORE.

THERE has been no debate on women's suffrage for two years in the House of Commons, owing, as the chairman of the annual meeting of the National Society for promoting this object showed conclusively at Manchester on Wednesday night, to imperative necessity. Lord Beaconsfield had to be got out of office, Mr. Gladstone to be got in, a few trifling regions of the earth's surface to be snipped off the British Empire, the Irish landlords to be taxed twenty-five per cent. *ad valorem* for the benefit of the Irish tenants, &c. It is even frankly acknowledged (and Mr. Hugh Mason could not know when he acknowledged it how fully his apprehension was being corroborated by Mr. Gladstone in London) that something else than women's suffrage may possibly occupy the House of Commons next year also. But Miss Lydia Becker is not discouraged, nor is Mrs. Oliver Scatcherd, nor is Mrs. Ashton Dilke, least of all is Mr. Hugh Mason, the chairman. His programme is announced. He is going to begin balloting as soon as Parliament opens, and to go on balloting *quand même*. If that will not suffice, it is clearly the fault of Miss Lydia Becker, "a master in Parliamentary procedure," for not telling him what else to do. There is evidently no lack of goodwill in Mr. Hugh Mason, and he is as evidently the right man in the right place.

Indeed, a careful student of theodicy and the newspapers cannot doubt, from the unvarying beneficence of Providence to the National Society for Promoting the Suffrage of Women, that triumph will ultimately be theirs. Their chairman (for they do not usually incline to chairwomen) necessarily changes. Mr. Jacob Bright gives place to Mr. Courtney; and Mr. Courtney, passing into the cold shade of office, gives place to Mr. Hugh Mason. The men pass away, but the characteristics do not. The characteristic of a champion of feminine rights is the production of at least one specimen of feminine logic, and the shibboleth is never evaded or baulked. Mr. Hugh Mason's evidence of fitness is, to say the least, as good as another's. It is not easy to produce a new argument for the suffrage of the unfittest, but every chairman of their annual meeting is bound to do so under penalties. Mr. Hugh Mason has risen to the occasion. He finds his in the election petitions and their consequences. "What," he said, "could be more unjust than the cases of women in corrupt boroughs such as Macclesfield and Oxford, where Royal Commissions had been sent down to inquire into the corrupt practices of the men there, and the women had been compelled to pay their quota towards the expenses of those Commissions?" Speaking from Mr. Hugh Mason's point of view, but with the application of masculine instead of feminine logic, we should say that the case of the uncorrupt male voters who did their duty, and yet are mulcted, was considerably more unjust, supposing that there is any injustice in the case at all. But we do not expect Mr. Hugh Mason, much less Miss Lydia Becker, to agree with us. It is sufficient to say that by this argument Mr. Hugh Mason has justified his selection. The torch of progress may be justly handed to him by his predecessor, whoever he was, without misgiving. It is not so clear to us that it was wise of Mr. Mason (in illustrating the difficulty of getting matters before Parliament) to instance his own struggles to get in a Bill about boiler explosions. A wicked critic might somehow or other take up Mr. Hugh Mason's two pet subjects, boiler explosions and women's suffrage, and make them a joint text for a sermon of a very shocking nature. The audience, however, was not wicked or critical, for no comment, at least in the published reports, betrays the slightest reflection as to the coincidence on the part of any of Mr. Mason's hearers. It would have been very unkind to make any such reflection on the favourite legislative projects, explosive or counter-explosive, of a man who had just pledged himself to go on balloting till all was blue, and who had, in the cause of woman, further proved his soundness by the argument about the Election Commissions.

The followers of Mr. Mason were not quite so interesting, because they were less novel. That Mr. A. G. Symonds should take the opportunity to remind the meeting of "his opportunities of knowing the opinions of members of Parliament" was natural, and the announcement may have been interesting—to Mr. A. G. Symonds. That the same person (who is principally known as the Secretary of an exceedingly pragmatical body, calling itself the National Reform Union, which as a matter of fact lives and moves in the Manchester equivalent for Tooley Street) should assert a simultaneous acquaintance with dwellers in the rural districts, and assure the assembled women that extension of the county franchise meant women's suffrage, because the labourers were "thoroughly agreed on the question," was more attractive. The rurality of the dwellers in Tooley Street, Manchester, is undoubted. The probable opinion of the average agricultural labourer as to the political rights of his wife, and the means which he would take for enabling her to exercise those rights in a thoroughly free and independent manner, are undoubted likewise, at least to persons who do know something of the "dwellers in agricultural districts." Mr. Symonds was followed by Miss Carbutt. Miss Carbutt's argument for the enfranchisement is that "the sense of responsibility which it would give to women would prevent their being interested in the frivolities which at present were almost the only things to which women who had not to earn their living could turn." Frivolities is good, but "almost" is better. The frivolity of household duties, of looking after the sick and poor and needy, of smoothing the rough places of the world and healing the wounds of the world's victims—not to speak of self-cultivation and the practice of those branches of art and literature which are traditionally open to women—is an ingenious conception, and Miss Carbutt is to be thanked for it. This single jewel is a bright one, and we do not know that it is outshone by the galaxy of beauties which may be extracted from the subsequent oration of Mrs. Ashton Dilke. The utterances of Mr. Ashton Dilke lately have betrayed a painful mental condition of backsliding and doubt. Unless his reporters have belied him, he has washed his hands of the Irish as impracticable; he has spoken of the representation of minorities (which his reverend senior, Mr. Bright, knows to be an invention of the Devil and Lord Beaconsfield in conclave assembled) as a reasonable thing, and he has even hinted doubts of the excellences of the caucus. Mrs. Ashton Dilke (and this is a great argument for the women's suffrage people) knows no such variableness. "Women had gained so much from constitutional liberty that they would be the last to deprive their fellow-creatures of it." There is a slap in the face for Mr. Gladstone, and a healing balm for the victims of tyranny at Kilmainham! "If women had votes in Ireland there would be less lawlessness displayed." This is the sort of assertion which it is difficult either to prove or to disprove. The Ladies' Land League, however, and Miss Anna Parnell's spirited and memorable rides across country in order to induce the lagging tenant to "get up and bar the door"

against the hateful sheriff and his posse seem to render the statement a little doubtful. Mrs. Ashton Dilke, however, has reason for her rhyme. "Women," she knew, "were inclined to carry out an agitation in a peaceful manner. They would not go beyond constitutional bounds." On the whole (for, in the pursuance of an inveterate, though obsolete, habit of deferential gallantry we shall supply Mrs. Ashton Dilke with the arguments which she seems to lack), it appears that women's suffrage might have one good effect in Ireland. Free and independent electresses might object to be set in the forefront of the battle to shield their husbands and brothers from constabulary buckshot. But the consequent slaughter of the noblest and most chivalrous peasantry on earth, or else the disunion which would inevitably result in households at present united in the bonds of the Catholic faith and of a desire to pay no rent, are heavy drawbacks to this advantage.

The *Women's Suffrage Journal* is always active just before the annual display of strength. This year, an account of a meeting at Sheffield some thirty years ago has been exhumed to cheer the daughters of liberty. There is an editorial comment on this which explains the matter. But the account itself appears in a different part of the paper without any warning heading; and it is rather a shock to read, after a report which might be that of proceedings held yesterday, that "a memorial was voted to Lord John Russell." It certainly seems, till the facts are appreciated, that it is a case of "flectere si nequeo superos Acheronta movebo." However, further examination and the comparison of the before-mentioned editorial remarks show that Lord Russell's venerable ashes are not to be disturbed, and that the meeting took place about 1849. We think we like Miss Anne Knight, who seems to have been the Miss Lydia Becker of those days, better than the existing master of Parliamentary procedure; but this may be merely the unfair predilection for the past which influences some minds. Miss Anne Knight, it seems, used to talk about "the three hundred slaughtermen"—which did not refer to journeymen butchers, but to members of the House of Commons connected with the Army and Navy. There is a passage, too, in Miss Knight's oration which, though some allusions in it are a little dark to us, has much picturesqueness and pathos. "She had asked Edward Smith to be present on that occasion, but he had his fears about Socialism, and also objected to music. She would rather not have had the music, because her woman's harp was hanging on the willows, and it must be almost a mockery to their poor Hungarian brethren to be requested to play the songs of their fatherland in the land of strangers." Edward Smith, who objected to Socialism and music at public meetings, must have been a very sensible fellow, and we like Miss Knight's references to her woman's harp. There is a distinguished poetess of the present day who talks just like this in her prefaces, though, to do her justice, we do not remember to have seen her name at a women's suffrage meeting. After the pathetic description of her harp, Miss Knight exhorted her hearers to "send their lights down to the south," "she hoped their beacons would be lighted through the country till they warmed the heart of cold London," in which phrase, indeed, the speaker seems to have anticipated, in different ways, two great men of the present day—Mr. Gladstone and Mr. George R. Sims. There was a Mrs. Higginbotham, too, in 1849 who was very nice. She spoke in moving terms of "the wives of soldiers and sailors, unable to represent their country in their country's cause while they were far off on the sea, or compelled to an automaton submission to ravage with fire and sword their unoffending brethren of different lands at the tyrant's bidding" (the tyrant, by the way, was that same gracious monarch who is now the Women's Suffrage Society's stock argument for its demands). All this is much racier than Mr. Hugh Mason's logic and Miss Carbutt's arguments about frivolities, and not much more unreasonable. The correspondent who forwarded this undated *trouaille* to *The Women's Suffrage Journal* should be applied to for more of the same. Miss Anne Knight and Mrs. Higginbotham, who depicted soldiers and sailors ravaging their brethren with sword and fire, would be a welcome change after Lady Harberton and Mrs. Scatcherd, Miss Becker and Miss Helena Downing.

THE LONDON FISH SUPPLY.

THE proceedings of the Corporation of London in the matter of the metropolitan fish supply afford an interesting and pleasing contrast to those of the Metropolitan Board of Works. It must be allowed in fairness to the latter body that, if they had not moved in the business, the superior merits of the Corporation might never have come to light. Whether as effect or as coincidence, the anxiety of the Corporation to improve, and if needful to supplement, Billingsgate has been greatly quickened by the action of the Board of Works. But, since the two authorities have taken the question in hand, the action of the Corporation has been very much to the purpose, while the action of the Board of Works has come to nothing at all. At their meeting last week the members occupied themselves in rejecting one motion after another without seeming to have any clear conception of what it was they wanted to do. If the majority of the Board are really of opinion that the action of the Corporation has made it unnecessary for them to do anything further, they had better have said so plainly. They may hold that, if the compe-

tion of the Board of Works be withdrawn, the zeal of the Corporation will grow cold, but in that case they should either have adjourned the further consideration of the question until it has been seen what the Corporation is going to do, or have devoted themselves to the provision of a fish market in some quarter of London where the Corporation does not propose to set up one. If they are inclined to come to a compromise with the Corporation, they should have laid down plainly the lines on which they propose to base an arrangement, and then have suggested a conference between representatives of the two authorities. As it was, they simply threw overboard a series of premature or unwise proposals, and separated without coming to any conclusion at all. The motion first put to the Board was one in favour of a site between the Great Northern and Midland Railways, now in the possession of the Gas Light and Coke Company. Whether this site is the best that could be chosen for a market for railway-borne fish it is not our business to say. But it seems plain that, if it is chosen, there will be no need for a market on the site recommended by the Fish Supply Committee of the Common Council. Two markets north of the Thames in addition to one at Billingsgate are only likely to ruin one another; though it may well deserve consideration whether, as the Corporation propose to enlarge Billingsgate with the view of making it adequate to the increased demands of the trade in water-borne fish, the provision of a market for railway-borne fish might not advantageously be left to the Board of Works. A conference between the Board and the Corporation might have ended in the adoption of this compromise, and so saved a considerable expenditure of public money. The motion actually submitted to the Board made no mention of the Corporation scheme, but simply recommended the immediate establishment of a market upon the northern site. Supposing that the Board of Works are to set up a market without reference to the Corporation, it would be better to place it on the south side of the river, where it would, at all events, have the field to itself. A market in the north of London will be of no use to the railways south of the Thames; and, though in their case the competition of water-borne fish would be severe, there is no apparent reason why a railway fish trade could not be created on the southern coast which would be of considerable advantage to the metropolitan districts of Kent and Surrey.

On the previous day the Court of Common Council had been busy with the same question. On the 15th of September the Fish Supply Committee had been instructed to consider and report as to the cost of obtaining a site at Blackfriars, "and any other sites," and they had very properly interpreted the insertion of the words "and other sites" as an intimation that the Court desired to obtain all available information upon the question. They accordingly advertised for suggestions as to the best position for a fish market, and received one hundred suggestions. Thirty-two of the sites recommended were viewed by the Committee, and, in the end, four sites—Billingsgate, Blackfriars, the Central Markets in Farringdon Street, and a site near the Midland Railway—were referred to the City Architect for further consideration. The Committee came eventually to two conclusions; one, that the public feeling in favour of having two fish markets was strong enough to overbear the Committee's own conviction that one market is sufficient. That the public are in the right in thus thinking we have no doubt at all. It is impossible that in a crowded city like London the same market should be equally suited for the sale of water-borne and railway-borne fish. In the first place, if the whole supply is brought together in a single market, the block in the neighbouring streets will be proportionately greater. There will be more carts to be brought up, loaded, and sent away. In the second place, the requirements of the two methods of transport are different. What is wanted in the case of water-borne fish is that the market should be near the river. What is wanted in the case of railway-borne fish is that it should be near the railways. Unless the railways are brought down to the river-side, which in London may be said to be only possible at one point, these two requirements cannot be combined. The river is in the centre of the City; the railways, or at least those which bring most fish, are still, speaking comparatively, in the outskirts. If Billingsgate remains the only market, the fish brought by the railways north of London must be unpacked on its arrival and carted down to the river-side. If Billingsgate is replaced by a single inland market, the fish brought by river must be unpacked on its arrival and carted to the neighbourhood of the northern railways. What the public desire is that this useless transhipment shall be avoided, and by the plan of a double market it is avoided. The only argument in favour of the Blackfriars site lay in the fact that it was near both to the river and to a railway over which all the fish coming to London from the North might easily be carried. But Blackfriars is open to the grave objection that it is above bridge, and it is not at all clear that this change would not be exceedingly disadvantageous to the trade in river-borne fish. To have to pass two bridges may, at some states of the tide, appreciably increase the risks of transit. This objection is the more weighty because it is not balanced by any reasons pointing to the superiority of one market over two. Even if the fish brought by river and the fish brought by railway could be conveniently landed at one and the same place, the argument in favour of having two markets rather than one would be very strong. So long as there is only a single market, it must be easier to make the prices charged in that market a matter of arrangement than it would be if there were two markets bidding, to some extent, against one another. As it is in the interest of the public that

prices should not be made a matter of arrangement, it would be better to have two markets rather than one, even if there were no other considerations pointing that way.

It is much to the credit of the Fish Supply Committee that they took the wishes of the public as their guide, although that wish was in contradiction to their own expressed opinion in favour of a single wholesale market by the river. The recommendation of the Committee was accepted by a large majority of the Common Council, but not without considerable resistance. The Opposition had on their side the fact that, though the proposal of the Committee will provide an excellent market for railway-borne fish, it will do so at the sacrifice of another kind of market, which is also very much needed. The building which it is intended to make a fish market was originally designed for the sale of fruit and vegetables; and though, on the supposition that only one new market can be had, fish is undoubtedly a more important article of food than fruit and vegetables, it is unfortunate that the two should thus be pitted against one another. It was not, however, to this point that the opponents of the Committee chiefly directed themselves. To some members of the Court it seemed a terrible surrender of corporate dignity that a Committee of the Common Council of London should have so far forgotten itself as to bow to public opinion. To do this, said one deputy, was to tread on very dangerous ground. Billingsgate is evidently regarded by a minority in the Common Council, not merely as under the circumstances the best site for a water-side market, but as the spot to which, by a sort of Divine appointment, all the fish that comes to London must necessarily go. They are not afraid that when a second market is opened any of the fish will be taken there. Heaven can protect its own, and there will be no fish market but Billingsgate, no matter how many other places may have the name given to them in irony. What troubles the minority is that the Common Council should be found fighting on the wrong side. Billingsgate will win, whatever other markets there may be in the field; but it makes all the difference to the faithful citizen whether it wins with the Corporation as its friend or as its enemy. Until the experiment has been tried and failed, the uninstructed public will go on believing that one way of cheapening fish is to place the market as near as possible to the point at which the fish arrives, and that another way is to make it the interest of the dealers in two rival markets to undersell one another. It is quite intelligible that the deputies who represent the ward of Billingsgate should not see things in this light. The fish supply of London has until now been a very pretty monopoly, of which Billingsgate has had the exclusive control. There is no need to displace it from its position as a market for river-borne fish, since for that it is admirably suited; but it certainly ought not to be retained as a market for a branch of the trade the requirements of which it does not in the least meet.

THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

THERE are few more interesting ways of passing a morning than to spend it, under proper official guidance, in the General Post Office. Of all Government departments, there is none which works with the same smoothness and perfection. The very certainty and regularity with which it discharges its functions tends to make us forget how complicated and how skilfully adapted to its work must be the machinery which performs it. The Gas Company and the Waterworks Company give us frequent and inconvenient reminders in our households of the imperfections of their respective systems; but, when the first movements of righteous indignation are over, we can reflect how difficult must be the task of supplying a city like London with gas and water. The Post Office gives us no trouble; the tax we pay to it is distributed in trifling sums over the whole of the year, does not visit us in the form of a rate, and is of that least vexatious kind which we pay in exact proportion to the work which we ask Government to do for us. Even those whose reading has made them more or less familiar with the work done at the General Post Office cannot see the machine in action without a feeling of astonishment at the skill which has gradually carried to such perfection, and is constantly developing, so vast an organization. There is no department in the Post Office and Postal Telegraph Office which does not repay a visit, though some are of course more impressive or more curious than others. The most striking, perhaps, is the central hall of the Telegraph Office.

In this hall, with the annexed wings, a thousand operators may be seen at work. The ceaseless din of the machines reminds one of the great factories in our Northern centres of industry. As an instance of the amount of work which is done in this office, it may be mentioned that one wire only suffices as means of communication with Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, and a second with Newcastle, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, and Aberdeen. Two hundred words a minute can be transmitted along each of these. Some of the wires, on the "quadruplex" system, allow of two messages being sent simultaneously each way. About fifty thousand messages pass daily through the office. Much of the labour of telegraphing from the central office to neighbouring points of London—such as Charing Cross or the Houses of Parliament—is done by means of pneumatic tubes, through which bundles of telegrams are sent for distribution in the respective districts. The journey through these tubes from the central office to Charing Cross takes about four minutes. The furthest distance to which

the pneumatic system has as yet been carried is the House of Commons. Some of the work of telegraphing is done by automatic machines, Greenwich time being sent in this way to all the great towns throughout the country. Down below, on the lower stories of the same building, are the engines—one for pulping up old messages, and two, each of 50-horse power, for the pneumatic tubes, one of which pumps while the other exhausts. Here, too, is the battery room, with three miles of shelving and twenty thousand cells. Special knowledge is needed fully to appreciate the skill and ingenuity which the various arrangements in this department display; but no observer can fail to be impressed both with the colossal magnitude of that work which concentrates the business and interests of every part of the country and every quarter of the globe into this one room, as into no other place in the world, and with the precision and fidelity with which the work is performed.

In the Postal Department there is, perhaps, less to impress a casual observer, unless, indeed, the visit is made at the hour when the general night mails are making up. The organization which is able to cope with the deluge of letters which pours in upon the office is then seen at its best. But, apart from the amusement of a sensational *coup d'œil*, more is learnt of the working of the system by going round the office in the quieter hours of the day, and tracing the history of a letter from the time it enters to the time it leaves the building. As fast as the letters drop from outside into the receptacles prepared for them, they are carried to the nearest tables, where the process of "facing" is gone through—that is, they are all put with the addresses on the same side, and the right side uppermost. This done, they are carried further to be stamped. The same machine which does the stamping also puts the obliterating mark on the postage-stamp of the letter. Then comes the sorting, which is subdivided into three stages. The first assigns the letter to the railway line which goes to, or nearest to, the town or village to which it is addressed; in the second, all the letters which go by each line are again divided into districts, or groups of towns; in the third, the bag for each place is finally made up. Much of the primary sorting is, in the case of the letters which pass through London from one part of the country to the other, done in the country offices from which they start. When, in the primary sorting, there is any difficulty as to the address, the letter is put into a division above the desk marked "Blind"; it is then handed on for further examination to a fresh set of officials, and then, if they are not able to make anything of it, it is passed on to the Returned Letter Office. The method pursued in the department for foreign correspondence is substantially the same. In the Registered Letter department the principle is somewhat different. Each letter, from the time when it leaves the hand of the sender to the time when it is delivered into the hand of the receiver, has to be accounted for by a written receipt every time that it passes from one person to another. The system is not an absolute guarantee of safety, as may be seen from the thefts of registered letters which come before the police courts; but the danger of detection in such cases, especially when the theft is repeated, acts as a powerful deterrent. And, considering the enormous business done by this department, and the rare cases of theft which occur, the system seems to give all the practical security attainable. It is hard to imagine any other, not involving an inconvenient amount of trouble and delay, which would be safer for the public. It is curious to see the great pots of molten wax, standing in a row on the desks, with which the sealing in this department is done. Whenever an especially interesting or curious address occurs, whether on a registered letter or not, it is recorded in books provided for the purpose. One may be quoted as an example:—"Mr. Paddy O'Rafferty Shaugnessey—The Beautiful Shamrock—Next door to Barney O'Flynn's Whiskey Store—Stratford-on-Avon—In the County of Cork, if ye like Dublin." It may be added that the art of sorting letters, which does not come by nature, is taught in the Post Office itself, where classes of boys may be seen receiving daily instruction in the craft, and practising with dummy letters before their teacher.

The most curious department of the Post Office, and that most fertile in odd and amusing incidents, is the Returned Letter Office, off Moorgate Street. It is here that all letters are sent and opened, the owners of which cannot, for some reason or other, be found. If human ingenuity can discover the writer or the person to whom the letter is addressed, one or the other gets it sooner or later. But in many cases this is impossible, either because the addresses and the headings are wanting, or are illegible, or are erroneous, or else because the parties are dead, or have quitted the neighbourhood, leaving behind them no clue to their whereabouts. It is remarkable, considering how illiterate and unintelligent the mass of the people still are, that only one letter in two hundred fails to be duly delivered. Carelessness, too, has almost as much to do as ignorance with the faulty addressing or fastening up of letters. Last year seventy-eight thousand letters containing articles of value passed through this department; and twenty-two thousand articles escaped from the dimsy covers in which they were wrapped. Two-thirds of the letters, the addresses of which cannot be found, are returned to the senders. Each official opens daily from five hundred to six hundred letters; and about three hundred inquiries are answered every day. The opening is done by men, as the contents of the letters opened are often of the most unsavoury kind; the re-addressing and returning are done by women. It is found that the women show a capacity for their work equal to that of the men, but that their power of enduring consecutive labour is by no means the same. Not only does the Returned

Letter Office do its work of returning letters as well as it can be done, but the facts which its work discloses have a curious statistical value, as showing the sort of letters and parcels that pass through the post, of which those that are ill-addressed afford probably a fair sample. The parcels are marvellous. We find not only every conceivable article which can be found in a pawnbroker's or a haberdasher's shop, but birds, beasts, reptiles, fish, insects, and molluscs. A short time ago a wasp's nest was among the temporary treasures of the department. Shortly before a lizard and a slow-worm (insufficiently directed) found their way to the same office. They had been packed in the same box, and, when opened overnight, appeared to be living in peace and amity. The following morning it was reported, as a remarkable phenomenon, that one of the creatures had vanished from the closed box; on examination it appeared that the lizard had indeed gone from sight, and that the slow-worm was enormously swollen in his digestive parts. On one occasion a number of torn letters were forwarded to the department from a letter-box into which a mouse had been thrown by some playful spirit. It turned out that the mouse had left all of the letters untouched except those which contained postage-stamps; but its sense of smell had guided it to all those with stamps in them, and it had bitten through the covers and eaten away at the adhesive gum on the backs of the stamps. It often happens that the parcels which find their way to this department contain ill-smelling objects, such as decayed fruit and flowers, dead birds, stale meat, and rotten oysters. For the comfort of the openers these parcels are sent up from the ground floor to the upper story, where they are examined in an iron lift fitted outside the walls, which halts at the window of the examining room. The parcels can thus be opened and investigated without the offensive smells penetrating into the room itself. Sometimes a slice of paste or of old plum-pudding is found in a letter; why such a thing should be sent at all is a puzzle, till a close examination shows that it contains sovereigns, hidden in it with a view to escaping the registration fee. For the same reason sovereigns are often concealed in newspapers. It frequently happens that unaddressed letters, when opened, are found to contain cheques, sometimes to a very large amount. These it is of course easy to return, through the banker, to their owners. But, with the best will in the world, the department is left with a mass of articles of every conceivable kind on its hands, which at intervals of three months are sold by auction. Among these are empty, unaddressed purses, which are constantly found in letter-boxes, put there by thieves who have transferred the contents to their own pockets. House-keys are also frequently found in the same places, dropped into them by tenants who have left their houses without paying the landlord his rent. Sometimes, however, they politely attach a label to the key, with the name and address of the landlord, thus signifying to him that he may look out for another and more solvent occupier. From the old name of the Dead Letter Office a popular belief arose that all inquiries as to persons dead or missing, or as to soldiers or sailors who have not been heard of by their friends, should be made there.

Some of the misdirections of letters are very curious. One to "Owl O'Neill" was for a long time a source of much perplexity, till at length some quick-eared official, caught by a certain similarity of sound, suggested, as it proved correctly, that it was meant for "Rowland Hill," the writer having apparently often heard the word pronounced, but never seen it written. A telegram is sent to "Capt. Troller," which turns out to be intended for the "Controller" of the department. A letter is sent to some person who cannot be found signed "Rank and File"; a young clerk in the office, new to his work, takes this to be the name of a firm, and readdresses it "Messrs. Rank and File." Another is addressed:—

Private Jones,
Nemo me impune lacessit,

the motto of the regiment being taken to be part of the address. A medical certificate is among the treasures of the department, worded as follows:—"This is to certify that I attended Mrs. — in her last illness, and that she died in consequence thereof." Singular answers to advertisements as to the boarding-out or adoption of children occur—e.g. "Allow me to state that I am not a lady, but that the father of the child is a perfect gentleman"; and, again, "I am sorry to say that I am a young person, and that I have a dear little boy." An envelope containing a pair of spectacles is sent, apparently by a servant-girl in London, to "My dear Father in Yorkshire, in the white house with green palings." There is a letter by a mad person, summoning a friend to appear on a certain day for judgment in the next world, whence the letter is dated. A woman writes to say that the foot-and-mouth disease is caused by the prevalent practice of burying people alive, and signs herself by her "professional name" of "Anna the Prophetess" and by her "general name" of "Miss R—." The attention of the department is particularly called by the Prophetess to this baleful custom. She ejaculates, with as much truth as fervour, "What an awful position to be placed in!" A man in Cheshire writes a letter to the Coroner and Jury who are going to hold an inquest on him after he has committed suicide. It is full of bitter complaints against his friends. Either, however, his courage failed him, or he came to take a more cheerful view of life; for he did not commit suicide, after all; and thus the letter reached the Returned Letter Office, and not the Cheshire Coroner. There are two classes of persons,

one of whom always get the letters written to them, and the other of whom always get returned to them the letters which do not reach those to whom they were written. The first consist of people of title, whose addresses are always to be found in the Red Book, and the second of those people, generally men of business, whose name and address are stamped on their envelopes. These, indeed, get their letters back unopened, and not even the officials of the department are initiated into their secrets.

THE SUNDERLAND LIBRARY.

SIX years ago the amateurs of great collections were excited by the sale at Christie's of the celebrated Marlborough gems. Although these were sold at one bid for the large sum of thirty-five thousand guineas, it does not seem to have been quite as much as was expected or perhaps required. The gems were collected by the third Duke of Marlborough, who inherited the strong family taste for accumulating works of art from his ancestor, the third Earl of Sunderland. His son was that Marquess of Blandford so celebrated by "Froggy" Dibdin, who collected the Whiteknights Library, and paid at the Roxburgh sale, in competition with Lord Spencer, the then unprecedented sum of 2,260*l.* for one book, the *Valdarfer Decameron*—in honour of which the still flourishing Roxburgh Club was instituted. When Lord Blandford succeeded to the dukedom the Whiteknights library was sold. This *Decameron* then fetched about one-fourth of what it had cost, although at a later period it passed, at a price intermediate between its first and its second, into the hands of Lord Spencer. Curiously, however, another copy of this most rare book, not quite perfect, was already at Blenheim. It will be included in the coming sale of what may be termed the Sunderland Library. This collection was made by Charles, third Earl of Sunderland, in the reign of George I. He was not the well-known statesman to whom there are so many references in the history of the Revolution of 1688, but his son, himself one of the principal Secretaries of State under Queen Anne and George I. In the Catalogue of the Sunderland Library, to which we shall presently have to make fuller reference, the collection is said to have been formed by the Earl "in the reigns of George I. and II."; but he died in 1722, and George I. survived him more than four years. A mistake like this on the threshold causes a feeling of distrust as to the rest of the preface to the Catalogue. Earl Charles married the second daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough, on whom and her descendants the honours and estates were settled, to the prejudice of the senior line, now represented by the Duke of Leeds. One of his great-grandsons was that George John, second Earl Spencer, who, under the fostering care of Dr. Dibdin, formed the famous library of which, during his lifetime, the early books were placed in Spencer House, London, and the remainder at Althorp, but which were, after his death, concentrated at the latter place. His rival at more than one celebrated auction was his cousin, the Lord Blandford mentioned above; and we read in Dibdin's high-flown account of the Roxburgh sale that Lord Althorp, the future Chancellor of the Exchequer, stood by his father on that great occasion. The Sunderland Library was transferred to Blenheim in 1733, when the son of its collector succeeded his aunt, the Duchess Henrietta. It does not appear to have been increased even by that great book-fancier the fourth Duke, and it remains substantially what it was in the early years of the house of Hanover. Accordingly it possesses a certain unity of character as the collection of a bibliomaniac whose means equalled his tastes, and who lived more than a century and a half ago. This peculiarity makes its dispersion a matter of special regret. In its entirety it is a monument. It has not been brought together for scoffers like Charles Lamb, who expressed himself strongly about what he calls *bibliabidalia*, among which he reckoned court calendars, directories, pocket-books, draught-boards bound and lettered on the back, scientific treatises, almanacs, statutes at large, history in general, and, in short, all those volumes which "no gentleman's library should be without." It vexed him to see such "things in book's clothing perched upon shelves."

We shall be curious to see the prices fetched in these days by a collection of which the chief rarities are the once much-prized *Éditions Principes*. The chief works are, so to speak, of a monumental character. They were of more value in their place on the shelves of the Blenheim Library, and in their relation to one another as parts of a collection of historical interest, than they can possibly be when dispersed by the hammer to the four quarters of the globe. Still, if the Liverpool or Birmingham or Glasgow people, about whose new-born literary taste we hear so much, wish for a substantial foundation for one of the great Free Libraries of the future, they will have now an opportunity, never again likely to occur, of imitating Mr. Bromilow's sporting and successful first bid for the Marlborough gems in 1875. It is curious to look at the sums realized at some of the great book sales of late years. The Bragge collection, consisting wholly of illuminated manuscripts some five hundred in number, was sold for about 12,000*l.* The Perkins library went for 26,000*l.*, including 6,000*l.* for the two Mazarine Bibles. Sir William Tite's collection, one of the choicest ever brought to the hammer, produced about 18,000*l.*

The first portion, of which the Catalogue is already in the hands of the bibliomaniacs, consists of two thousand seven hundred lots, many of which will no doubt be lumped together at the sale. It comprises names from Abelard to Chardin, so that, according to

the usual analogy of catalogues, it may be considered to represent a fourth part of the whole library. The alphabetical order has been adopted because, as the preface informs us, by far the greater part of the library is strictly classical. There are, for instance, not fewer than thirty-five editions of Catullus, and fifty-two of Cæsar, including the first, or *Éditio Princeps*. Among the other classical first editions are those of Æschylus, Venice, 1518; Æsop, Venice, 1498; Apuleius, Vicenza, 1488; Aristophanes, Florence, 1517, and many more of lesser note. The Bibles are by no means so remarkable, but there is a copy of the first complete Greek version, the Aldine of 1518, and a very fine one of the second edition of the Vulgate—namely, Fust and Schoeffer's, of 1462. This copy is printed on vellum, and is only inferior in interest to the undated Bible known as the Mazarine. It is large, sound and perfect, says the Catalogue, the leaves being 16½ in. by 11½. The Perkins copy sold for 780*l.*, and this one is in every respect equal to it. Among the English Bibles are a few of considerable value. The earliest is Whitcombe's edition of the "Great Bible," 1541, the forerunner of our so-called Authorized Version. It seldom occurs in a perfect state, having in most cases been worn out in parish church desks. The present copy is described as "perfect and generally sound and clean." Next comes the Bishop's Bible, of which this is "probably the presentation copy" to Queen Elizabeth on the part of the printers. It has her arms and initials on the binding, but is not of the first edition. Nor is there any copy of King James's first, the earliest being only of 1619. There is a "Vinegar Bible" (1717) on vellum, which is a rarity, and some early French and Italian editions, but little else of importance in this particular department. Among romances the first place must be given to the Valdarfer Boccaccio, already mentioned, this copy of which wants five leaves, being therefore inferior to that now in the Spencer Library, which is perfect. There is a copy, nearly perfect, of the Mantua edition of 1472; but the compiler is in error in saying it is "probably the only copy existing in this country." Lord Spencer has one, but it is very imperfect. It was at the Caxton Exhibition in 1877. There are in all some sixty-five volumes of various editions of Boccaccio's different works, including the rare Giunta of 1527, the rare Aldine of 1522, and above all the Bruges edition of the "*Nobles Hommes et Femmes*," which was printed in 1476 by Colard Mansion, who, according to Mr. Blades, and, in fact, all modern authorities, was Caxton's master in the art of printing. Of Caxton there is only his Chronicle, printed by another and later hand; but a good many early editions of English poets occur, or will occur in future parts of the Catalogue. The preface calls especial attention to the number of books printed on vellum, but only a few—some sixteen or seventeen—are included in the December sale. Of these, besides what we have noticed above, perhaps the most important is St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*, of which there are two editions, one dated 1470 and one 1475. The early Italian poets are well represented, and the next instalment will, it is understood, include a Dante manuscript. The Chronicles, Councils, county histories, and historical tracts do not come into the first sale, which is fixed to take place in December, at the auction rooms of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, where the books will be on view during the last week of November.

BANKS AS PROMOTERS OF SPECULATION.

ACCORDING to the statistics published twice every year by the *Economist*, the banks of the United Kingdom last month held between five and six hundred millions of deposits. Of course the whole of this vast sum does not really represent deposits in the sense usually understood by that word by the general public. A part of it is reckoned twice over; as, for example, the bankers' balances figure in the accounts both of the Bank of England and of the depositing banks. A portion, also, consists of the proceeds of loans and discounts. When the holder of a bill gets it discounted, or when a borrower obtains a loan from a bank, the proceeds in either case are entered to his credit in the books of the bank. As a rule, the advances so made are not withdrawn from the bank in cash, but are paid away by means of cheques, and thus appear only as book accounts. Lastly, a large portion consists of current accounts. But, when we have made the fullest allowance on all these scores, the actual deposits—the savings, that is, of persons who lodge their money with banks either while awaiting a suitable investment, or because they know not how to obtain a better interest for it—are enormous, and against these deposits the only reserve held is that of the Bank of England. As we showed quite recently, the reserve held by the Bank of England has for weeks oscillated about 10 millions, once actually dropping below that amount, then rising again, only to fall once more. The other banks, as we then pointed out, really keep no reserves. The balances which they maintain at the Bank of England are only kept for the purposes of the Clearing House, and in strictness must be regarded only as till-money. The till-money, again, which they keep on their premises to meet the demands that may come upon them from day to day, is not a reserve in any sense of the word. And the only other provisions they make against sudden and large demands upon them are the loans which they advance to the bill-brokers either on call or for very short periods, and their investments in securities. The loans to the bill-brokers, however, are just as little a reserve as till-money itself, for the bill-brokers have no reserve upon which to draw; and whenever it becomes necessary for the banks to withdraw the money left with them,

the bill-brokers have no option but to go to the Bank of England. Lastly, the investments in Consols and other high-class securities do not constitute a reserve proper. If a panic were to occur, it would be impossible to sell these securities, and the securities themselves would be of no avail as payments. We come back then to what we have already stated, that the only reserve in the United Kingdom is that held by the Bank of England, and that that reserve does not amount to sixpence in the pound of the deposits generally; in other words, were a run to be made upon the banks, there is no reserve upon which to draw but that held by the Bank of England, and that is utterly inadequate so long as the law is enforced. It seems at first sight incredible that men usually deemed so prudent and careful as bankers should make no provision against liabilities of such enormous amount, and which at any moment they may be called upon to liquidate. But the fact is that they have grown accustomed to depend upon the Government. They expect the Bank of England to stand by them should a crisis arise, and, when the Bank of England itself becomes endangered by this course, they expect the Government to authorize an infraction of the Bank Charter Act. This is not a very satisfactory state of things, and means ought to be taken to put a stop to it. The Bank Charter Act has already had frequently to be suspended, and as things are now, it is very likely that it will have to be suspended again. The only way, however, in which this can be avoided is by the banks themselves keeping an adequate reserve in addition to that kept by the Bank of England, and there are other reasons, as we shall presently show, which make it extremely desirable that this should be done. We readily concede that a run such as we have been speaking of is less likely now than in the past. The public is better educated, understands financial questions better, and is not so apt to lose its head in a crisis. The failure of the Glasgow Bank showed this very clearly. If the Scotch public had then taken alarm, they might possibly have compelled all the other Scotch banks to have closed their doors; but, in fact, the other Scotch banks were at no time in danger. It is not probable, therefore, we admit, that a run should be made upon all the banks of the country; but it is possible, nevertheless, that such a thing may occur, and it is certainly not improbable that a run may occur upon one or two of the banks in particular, and may cause serious disaster. Even at the time of the Glasgow Bank failure there was a run for a short time upon one of the greatest and best-managed of the London joint-stock banks. Happily it stopped before any unpleasant consequences followed; but the fact that there was even a partial run shows that occasions may arise in which panic may seize the depositors in well-managed and perfectly solvent banks, and may lead to very disastrous results.

The ultimate reason, no doubt, why the banks keep no real reserve is that they are obliged, as a rule, to pay interest upon the deposits they hold. If they were to keep a considerable portion of these deposits idle they would lose money, and consequently they are eager as far as possible to employ every halfpenny upon which they pay interest. The result of this practice in endangering our monetary system we have just been dwelling upon; but there is another consequence, scarcely less disastrous—that is, the stimulus given by the banks to speculation in their desire to employ profitably all their deposits. The proper investment for a bank is in bills. If a bank discounts good bills, it knows exactly when each bill will fall due, and it therefore can so arrange its investments that day by day a portion of them will fall due; that at no time will too much of its money be locked up, or too much of it remain idle; but that each day a convenient amount will come into its hands. The number of bills offering for discount, however, is much smaller than the funds held by the banks. Partly owing to railways, steamships, and telegraphs, it is no longer necessary now for merchants to hold the immense stocks of commodities which it at one time was, and consequently they do not require so large capitals as they once did to do the same amount of business. In other words, a merchant's own capital goes much further now than it did formerly. Further, the low prices which have prevailed of late years enable the merchant's capital to go still further. And, lastly, the large profits which the prosperity of trade for the past thirty years has ensured have made our merchants wealthier than they formerly were. For all these reasons, merchants do not now require so much accommodation as they once did. At the same time the deposits have been steadily growing. The improvement in the condition of all classes of the people has enabled them to save more largely than they formerly did. Banking facilities are also taken advantage of more largely, and consequently deposits are growing while bills are becoming more scarce. Thus bankers find themselves unable to employ as large a proportion as they once did of their funds in the discounting of bills. They are driven, therefore, to find some other means of investment. One is in the purchase of good securities, such as Consols, United States bonds, Indian and Colonial securities, and the like. But investments of that kind can be carried only to a certain extent by a bank. As a kind of reserve, investment in Consols is not only useful, but necessary. But if a bank sinks a large proportion of its funds in such a form, it virtually ceases to be a bank. Besides, if all banks were to invest largely in these securities, they would drive up prices so high that the yield would be scarcely remunerative. The third mode of investment is that to which we have referred above—loans either "on call" or for very short periods to the bill-brokers; but here again the amount so disposable is very limited. There remains, therefore, but one other mode of employment, and that is by lending on the Stock Exchange; and of late years loans made to the

Stock Exchange by bankers have been growing larger and larger. Every one who has attended to the subject must be aware of the enormous rise in the prices of securities during the past two years. Indeed, for the greater part of that time it scarcely mattered in what securities one invested, for the price was sure to rise. Therefore, a speculator was able to buy almost at random, and after a while sell at a profit. The natural consequence was a rush of speculators of all kinds and classes, and both sexes, and very few of these speculators had the money wherewith to speculate. Their brokers borrowed from the banks in order to "carry over," as the phrase is, from account to account, the speculators paying or pocketing the "differences" as the case might be. As long as the speculators were able to pay the "differences," and prices continued to rise, all went merrily; but after a time the banks began to grow uneasy. They saw that prices had reached a level at which it was scarcely possible that they should long remain. They saw further that they had increased their loans so enormously that any accident might upset the market, and might place themselves in a serious dilemma. They grew apprehensive, therefore, and they began to make difficulties about fresh advances. Then they began to call in a portion of their loans, and ultimately they insisted that some of the accounts should be closed. In their turn, the brokers, finding themselves thus pressed, put pressure upon their clients, and where these were not able to pay for their purchases, they had to sell. Prices instantly began to fall, and there was a sort of crisis. Then, when prices had fallen far enough, and the greater part of the speculators were cleared out with heavy loss to themselves, the brokers paid off the greater part of the loans they had obtained from the banks, and the banks found themselves with idle money once more upon their hands. They began to think that possibly they had been too hasty after all. They had got back their money without loss, and they looked ruefully to the low interest with which they now had to content themselves instead of the handsome rates which they were lately getting. They were ready again to lend as before, to send up prices, and to stimulate speculation. And so this game of alternate rises and falls is promoted by the anxiety of the banks to employ their deposits profitably, and at the same time safely.

It is the fashion to talk of the Stock Exchange as little better than a place of gambling, and of stock-brokers as gamblers; but it will be seen that stock-brokers could gamble very little without the assistance of the banks, and that bankers really contribute quite as much to the gambling as the brokers, although bankers are ready enough to turn round when the crash comes and hold up their hands in horror at the wickedness perpetrated on the Stock Exchange. The banks first stimulate the speculation, and then bring on a collapse by precipitately calling in their loans. It may be said that the speculators deserve their fate; but the question of desert matters little if the final result is loss to the community, distress, discredit, and depression. It is much easier, however, to point out the mischief than to suggest a remedy. The original cause of the mischief, as we have already said, is that the banks, speaking generally, pay interest upon the deposits they receive, and consequently find it necessary to employ these deposits to the last halfpenny. But the deposits, it is to be remembered, really constitute the working capital of the banks. The so-called capital—that is, the capital subscribed by the shareholders—is a mere bagatelle compared with the enormous business which the banks do, and can be looked upon really only as a kind of insurance that, if anything goes wrong, there is a reserve to fall back upon. The real working capital consists of the deposits, and it is not reasonable to expect that the depositors should find capital for the banks and yet receive no share of the profits. As they share in the risk, they have undoubtedly a right to a share in the profits. And it is certain that, if they were refused their share, they would withdraw the deposits, and the banks would soon find themselves without the means of carrying on the large operations which they are now doing. No doubt, in many cases, this would be beneficial. Some of the great joint-stock banks have become overgrown, and would really be better and safer institutions if they had smaller deposits. Still they are not likely to think so themselves, and it is not probable that they will adopt any resolution with the result of causing deposits to be withdrawn. We fear, therefore, that we must accept as inevitable some kind of return to the depositors. But it may be worth while considering whether it would not be better to give them a share of some kind in the profits, rather than to pay a fixed sum beforehand. If their remuneration was to be dependent on the profits made, the business would be safer than it is at present, when the interest paid to the depositors is a first charge, and, in fact, is reckoned as part of the working expenses.

REVIEWS.

MATABELE LAND.*

A PERUSAL of the notes, diary, and letters which make up the bulk of this work increases our regret for the premature death of the author. Had he lived to return to England there

* *Matabele Land and the Victoria Falls: a Naturalist's Wanderings in the Interior of South Africa. From the Letters and Journals of the late Frank Oates, F.R.G.S. Edited by C. G. Oates, B.A. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.*

would have been something for him to recast or to amplify, and we should have been told more about the Falls of the Zambesi River, a visit to which, after three unsuccessful attempts, cost Mr. Oates his life. The work has been edited by the brother of the deceased with care and judgment. The letters and the notes have been reproduced with some few omissions; a short connecting narrative has been added by the editor; there are several good maps; and the collections of skins, stuffed birds, &c., in the hands of experts, have been carefully arranged and classified, and placed in appendices which add about one hundred pages to the original text.

The late Frank Oates was evidently a naturalist from his earliest youth. Leeds, the place of his birth, from its proximity to heath and moorland, gave him the opportunity of studying the habits of English birds and beasts. He was saved from pedantry by a career at Christ Church Oxford, which, if not brilliant in the academical point of view, completed his education as a gentleman. He was evidently of a fearless and adventurous nature, and the whole tone of his diary and letters justifies the expressions in the memoir as to the brightness and candour of his nature. We cannot doubt that he possessed the qualities that enable men to get on with what Dr. Johnson called "savage men and savage manners"; and his temper seems to have been tolerably proof against those trials which the duplicity, laziness, and ingratitude of Kaffirs inevitably involved.

The whole period of the voyage and exploration is comprised in less than two years. Frank Oates, with his brother, left England in March 1873, and died of fever on his return from the Victoria Falls on the 5th of February, 1875. He went from D'Urban through Natal and the Transvaal, till he reached the territories known as Bamangwato, Makalaka, and Matabele. He spent some time at Gubuleweyo, the capital of the latter kingdom, and made ineffectual attempts to reach the Victoria Falls from Inyati; but had to retrace his steps and take a line more to the north-west, which eventually led him to his destination. He passed through Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, a sketch of which gives us no very exalted idea of the city in point of populousness or beauty. The climate in the cold season was almost perfection; not so the inhabitants. The few English are briefly dismissed as "a bad lot." No one could afford to keep a conscience. There was not a book-shop in the place nor a single good building, and the writer could only compare it with a frontier town in America on the extreme edge of civilization.

A great deal of these remains consists of notices of the climate and the country; the heat and the flies; the bare scrub; the tracts desolated and burnt up; the "long backs of the bushless downs," to borrow an expression from Mr. Tennyson; the thin streams running through tracts of sand; and the difficulties, physical and social, of getting on to the wished-for goal. There are also incidents of sport and natural history; but there are no thrilling escapes from infuriated lions and elephants, and the savage rhinoceros found in other parts of Southern Africa is only once or twice mentioned. Mr. Oates shot and hunted occasionally to procure specimens and to supply his larder, but he was no butcher in sport. His objects were discovery, adventure, and science; and difficulties only gave a zest to his enjoyment, and were looked on as things to be fairly met and mastered. Readers will do well to bear in mind several local terms which constantly recur. To "inspan" and "outspan" are not unfamiliar, and mean to yoke and unyoke the oxen of the waggon before or after the *trek*. A "spruit" is a small stream. *Koppes* are ranges of hills of varying altitudes. To be "thrown out" at a native Court is to be ordered to be put to death. An *Induma* is a head personage amongst natives. A *knob-kerry* is a stick with a knob to it, and, as may be seen by the sketch at p. 95, an effective weapon in a skilful hand. *Mopani* trees resemble alders. A *lichter* means an open grassy space. "Stamped corn" is corn crushed and boiled with salt and fat, or butter, into the consistency of stiff rice-pudding—an excellent dish for a hungry traveller. *Biltong* is meat dried in the sun; and a "salted horse" does not mean, as might be hastily imagined, a dish fit for the Société Hippophagie of Paris, but an animal proof by experience against the return of a peculiar sickness, and therefore worth just four or five times its original price.

The traveller's comfort, so far as anything can be comfortable in the heat and annoyances of Southern Africa, consists in having a good waggon, horses, oxen, and attendants. Mr. Oates dwells on the value of the waggon, except in very hot weather, when it is intolerable. It is fairly proof against wet; there are canvas curtains all round with pockets; and the sleeping mattress is laid on the top of the chests and packages below. Each waggon required fourteen oxen, and there were ponies and horses to ride. There is constant mention of roads, which we take to be mere cart tracks, and there were trying passages of streams when the waggons stuck in ruts and sand. The drivers and oxen, however, appear to have effected miracles, though every now and then a pole called a *dissel-boom* broke, or a wheel came off, or the vehicle stuck in the middle of a stream where the water was breast high. Wet weather seems to have been worse than heat. Provisions and clothes were in danger of spoiling, and there was no moving till the rain ceased. The sight of grass and bush on fire was splendid, and slightly compensated for the subsequent *trekking* over black and dusty plains.

Mr. Oates's opinion of the natives was not favourable. The Kaffirs were haughty and aggressive to Englishmen, but were ruled by the King with a rod of iron. The sympathies of the author were with the Bushmen, generally considered a degraded

race. But they run and hunt capitally, and are good servants, though cruelly oppressed by Matabeles and Makalakas. Mr. Oates showed a perseverance amounting to chivalry in his endeavour to get possession of the remains of six Bushmen, ruthlessly massacred some time before his arrival. In this he was at last successful, and one of the appendices is a valuable paper by Professor Rolleston on the skulls of these unfortunate savages. Yet we confess to taking more pleasure in reading about the living than the dead; in a vigorous despot and his sister gorgeously apparelled than in the skulls of fifty Bushmen. Mr. Oates was fortunate enough to be present at the Great Dance at Gubuleweyo, performed by warriors in celebration of their past exploits and the number of their slain enemies. The King was dressed in the skins of monkeys and a broad-brimmed black felt hat, and he carried an *Elecho* sword-bayonet—given him by the author—and a "knob-kerry" of rhinoceros horn. The warriors made a march past him, singing in chorus, and followed by young Kafir women of magnificent proportions and shapes. But all these were cast into the shade by the King's sister—an enormously stout lady of a coppery hue, attired in gilded chains, bracelets of brass, a freemason's apron, and a black skirt of wrought ox-hide. For headdress she wore an elegant bouquet of artificial flowers; feathers out of the tail of the bee-eater, and a circular ornament of red clay. She made a pretence of dancing, but was evidently too fat to do much. The King, barring occasional fits of ill-temper, when he is thought likely "to kill a number of people," does not appear in a very odious light. He disbelieved in the prowess of the white man, whom he thought to be afraid of elephants, and he tried to overreach a trader named Fairbairn, in an exchange of elephants' teeth for a double-barrelled gun. The King and his subjects have a strange prejudice against eating fish, and the monarch was darker in hue than any one else. A boy who had told a downright lie would have been tortured to death by the King's orders, had not old John Lee interfered. This gentleman is a Dutch patriarch who lives in what, for South Africa, is a picturesque part of the country, with crags, greensward, and some fine timber. Lee thought locusts must be very nice to eat, as Kaffirs, game birds, and animals all ate them. This potentate lived in a big house, and his brother, his father-in-law, and his poor relatives had little huts near him, and were treated as serfs. He seems to have been a man of some influence and position, to be appealed to in difficulties or when natives attempted to cheat.

It is to be regretted, says the editor, that we have so little of the Falls, the main object of the expedition, when the author at last got there. It is true that most other travellers have visited this wonder in the dry season, when the volume of water is much reduced, and that Mr. Oates went there in the rains when the channel was full. We have, too, in illustration of the narrative, two sketches, one in chromo-lithograph, showing the rainbows that span the abyss. The river just above the Falls narrows from two miles to one, and it then descends into a deep narrow gorge not more than one hundred yards across. From this it escapes again "by a still narrower channel of from twenty to thirty yards in width," and then it leads a zigzag course for five miles more, when it finally flows away east. Livingstone has declared the height to be twice that of Niagara; but, owing to dense vegetation, it is difficult to get a good view of the whole scene. The spray is said to mount to six or eight hundred feet in height, and to be visible, as a cloud of vapour, twenty miles off. The roaring of the waters was heard by Chapman at fifteen miles distance; and, though there may be a slight tendency to exaggerate the features of a waterfall which is only accessible to a few determined travellers, there can be little doubt that the Zambesi at this point may be fairly ranked amongst the most stupendous sights of the world. We are compelled, however, to utter a serious warning to all future travellers against visiting this place at the season unluckily chosen by Mr. Oates. We are told in the journal that fever may be caught at any time; that it is bad in the rainy season, and worst of all at its close, when the superabundant moisture is drying up. Mr. Oates went in January, when the rains are heaviest. Now we take the African fever to be simply the malarious jungle fever of India, so common in parts of the Central Provinces, in the Morung of Purnea, and in the Terai of Rohilkund. There are ardent and weather-proof sportsmen in India; but no man with a year's experience would think of remaining in either of the above-mentioned hunting grounds after the first showers of the rainy season in May, while to go there in November, when the rains had just ceased, would be deemed an act of suicide. Travellers going to and from the hill stations of India make a point of passing through these deadly localities after sunrise and before sunset, and ordinary Hindus and Mahomedans can no more stand such a climate than Englishmen. Dr. Bradshaw doubtless showed all the skill and kindness in his power, and, we apprehend, plied the sufferer with large doses of quinine, though we are not told so; but every one of the party more or less suffered. The servants all fell ill. Mr. Stoffel Kennedy died about the same time of the same disease, and other victims are mentioned. A touching incident is recorded in connexion with the death of the author. One of his favourite pointers, "Rail," was missed after the survivors had buried their companion, and boys were sent to look for him. He was found patiently watching his master's grave, having gone back, it is calculated, some eighty miles, with this object. This faithful animal died in England on the fifth anniversary of his master's death, and he was followed by the other dog "Rock" three

weeks afterwards. All this is simply and touchingly told; but we cannot avoid again insisting on the imprudence of a visit to the Falls at any time except in the dry and hot season. Defied or insulted Nature, as the historian Gibbon remarked long ago, is sure in the end "to vindicate her rights," and to punish those invaders who at the wrong seasons molest her ancient and solitary reign.

To zoologists and entomologists the appendices in this volume, with their minute and scientific classification, will have a value far surpassing the notices of sport and incidents of travel amongst strange tribes which make up the volume. But, in our eyes, the interest centres in the records and the character of the writer. Not only does he take us far away from any beaten track, but he impresses us by his modest, manly, and sensible tone, by his intelligent observation of new scenes, and by his treatment of natives, whom he was too sensible to credit with unlikely or imaginary virtues, and far too strong and merciful to ill-use.

BALFOUR'S EMBRYOLOGY.*

MR. BALFOUR'S exhaustive and original treatise, on a comparatively unknown subject, is not merely an important contribution to our scientific knowledge, but a triumphant vindication of the value of English scientific training, and more especially of that generous recognition of natural science which for some years past has distinguished the University of Cambridge. This treatise may be described as a Cambridge book from first to last. It was at Cambridge that Mr. Balfour obtained a First Class in the Natural Sciences Tripos of 1873, followed by the Natural Science Fellowship at Trinity College in 1874; and it is at Cambridge that he has since pursued his riper researches, with the exception of those which, from the nature of the case, he was obliged to follow out at Naples. In these days no one can hope to make more than a portion of the field of science his own; and Mr. Balfour has from the first selected embryology as his own particular province. In 1874 he published *The Elements of Embryology*, Part I., in collaboration with Dr. M. Foster, and in 1878 *A Monograph on the Development of Elasmobranch Fishes*. The remarkable discoveries enunciated in the latter work—some of which had been already announced in papers contributed to scientific journals—excited much attention at the time; and the scientific world, both here and on the Continent, was moved to no slight astonishment when it became known that the author had not yet passed the age at which men are usually learners rather than teachers. But "on viellit vite sur les champs de bataille"; and the work before us is a still more wonderful instance of a like precocity. Most men of science, we imagine, would be content if, towards the close of a long life, they could feel that such a work as this was even fairly on the way to completion; but when we reflect that the author cannot be more than thirty years of age, and that it has been produced among the incessant claims on time and thought which college and university work entails, our surprise is even greater than our admiration. The two volumes contain together 1147 closely printed pages, much of the matter being thrown into smaller type in order to enable beginners to go rapidly through the subject; and at the end of each volume an accurate bibliography is given, carefully classified. A work so voluminous, so difficult, and written in strictly technical language, must of necessity appeal to a very narrow circle of readers. In fact, it is so far in advance of the present state of science that much time must of necessity elapse before it can be thoroughly understood. We are glad, however, to find various indications that its value as a standard work is being already recognized. There has been but one opinion expressed about its merits by men of science in England; it has been favourably received in America; and we hear that it has been translated into German, and will probably soon be translated into French. It will be impossible for us to attempt a minute analysis of it. We can only describe the scheme which the author has proposed to himself, with his method of conducting the several steps of his investigations, and indicate some of his general conclusions.

Embryology, as Mr. Balfour understands it, is "a term employed to cover the anatomy and physiology of an organism during the whole period included between its first coming into being and its attainment of the adult state." The importance of studying individual organisms, and of comparing the results observed in one group with those observed in another, will be readily understood from the following passage:—

It has long been recognized that the embryos and larvæ of the higher forms of each group pass, in the course of their development, through a series of stages in which they more or less completely resemble the lower forms of the group. This remarkable phenomenon receives its explanation on Mr. Darwin's theory of descent. There are, according to this theory, two guiding, and, in a certain sense, antagonistic principles which have rendered possible the present order of the organic world. These are known as the laws of heredity and variation. The first of these laws asserts that the characters of an organism at all stages of its existence are reproduced in its descendants at corresponding stages. The second of these laws asserts that offspring never exactly resemble their parents. By the common action of these two principles continuous variation from a parent type becomes a possibility, since every acquired variation has a tendency to be inherited.

The law of development above stated may be expressed in rather

different language, so as to mark its importance more distinctly. Each organism reproduces the variations inherited from all its ancestors at successive stages in its individual existence, which stages correspond with those at which the variations originally appeared in its ancestors. Each organism therefore might contain within itself a full record of its own origin, and, were heredity the only influence brought to bear upon it, it would be a comparatively easy task to discover the history of the race or group to which the individual organism belongs. Heredity, however, is only one of a series of influences of which development is the resultant; and in consequence the embryological record is usually both imperfect and misleading. It may be compared, as Mr. Balfour happily expresses it,

to an ancient manuscript with many of the sheets lost, others displaced, and with spurious passages interpolated by a later hand. The embryological record is almost always abbreviated in accordance with the tendency of nature (to be explained on the principle of survival of the fittest) to attain her ends by the easiest means. The time and sequence of the development of parts is often modified; and, finally, secondary structural features make their appearance to fit the embryo or larva for special conditions of existence. When the life-history of a form is fully known, the most difficult part of his task is still before the scientific embryologist. Like the scholar with his manuscript, the embryologist has, by a process of careful and critical examination, to determine where the gaps are present, to detect the later insertions, and to place in order what has been misplaced.

The recorded observations on these important points have, up to the present time, been scattered through a number of disconnected papers, the authors of which, with certain brilliant exceptions, have too frequently worked independently of their predecessors, and accumulated facts in a manner which has clogged the advance of science, rather than promoted it. Mr. Balfour has brought a rare critical faculty to bear upon this vast mass of literature, and indicated the direction which future researches should take. It has been his object to find:—1. Ancestral forms common to the whole of one of the larger groups (as, for instance, the invertebrata); 2. Any special larval form constantly reproduced in the development of the members of one or more groups; 3. How far such larval forms agree with living or fossil forms in the adult state; 4. How far organs found in the embryo disappear in the adult; 5. How far organs pass in the course of their development through a condition permanent in some lower form.

These investigations are succeeded by an account of the evolution of special organs. It will be readily conceded that if the difficulties which encumber the points here enumerated could be satisfactorily cleared up, the history of the whole group would become plain; and the same process having been repeated for all the groups into which the animal kingdom has been divided, we should have made some advance towards the solution of the larger problem of the common origin of all living things.

The first volume, which was published separately last year, commences with a general account of the Ovum (pp. 1-100). The remainder is devoted to the systematic embryology of the Invertebrata, or, as the author prefers to call them, the Metazoa, preceded by a few pages on the "germinal layers." Each group in succession is examined, the different stages through which the embryo passes are recounted, with the help of copious illustrations, either taken from the best authorities (references to which are always given) or from the author's own drawings; and at the end of each chapter a summary of the general results arrived at will be found. The subject-matter of most of this volume is of necessity in large measure derived from the labours of previous investigators, as the author is at pains to show by references and by a bibliography (which, by the way, does not aim at being exhaustive) at the end of each chapter; but it has been so rearranged, sorted, and winnowed as to become as good as new. Moreover, much original work will be found scattered through the volume or referred to in the notes. We would cite as particularly original and valuable the treatment of the Tracheata and the Crustacea; and the summary of the development of the whole group (p. 451), where it is shown that the former—centipedes, insects, and spiders—are derived from "a terrestrial Annelidan type," and the latter from an ancestor akin to the Phyllopora, small "Crustacea with the maximum number of segments and the least differentiation of the separate appendages." But we should be led into technicalities of too abstruse a nature if we pursued this subject any further; and we will therefore turn to the second volume. In this there is much more original work. Mr. Balfour tells us in the preface that his own investigations have covered the ground more completely than in the first volume; "a not inconsiderable portion of the facts recorded having been directly verified" by himself. The illustrations also, four hundred and twenty-nine in number, all admirably conceived and executed, have more frequently been drawn by himself. The whole work, therefore, bears the stamp of his own individuality impressed upon it more clearly than the former volume did; and shows how wide, and at the same time how minute, his researches have been. The volume opens with ten chapters on the developmental history of the Chordata. This group contains, according to Mr. Balfour's views—(1) The Cephalochorda, of which there is a single genus only, *Amphioxus*; (2) The Tunicates or Ascidiaceans; (3) The Vertebrata. The first of these used to be regarded as a fish; and the second has been placed by zoologists in different positions among the Invertebrata. Recent microscopic researches, however, have revealed indications of vertebrae in both, by which this change of their position has been justified. We mention this as a typical instance of the importance of the bearing of Mr. Balfour's researches upon systematic zoology.

* *A Treatise on Comparative Embryology*. By Francis M. Balfour, M.A., F.R.S., Fellow and Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880-81.

The more internal characters, and especially embryological characters, are studied, the more certain becomes a revolution in our old notions of differences and affinities. These opening chapters are succeeded by three comparative chapters, completing the section of Systematic Embryology. The remaining chapters record the development of the organs, the skeleton, and the muscular system, and are perhaps the most thoroughly original of the whole work. It would be beside our purpose, however, to do more than mention them here. Nor can we do more than advise our biological readers to study for themselves the chapters on the development of fishes, birds, and reptiles, where they will find set forth in full the steps which have led the author to his general conclusions on the ancestral form of the Chordata—the part of the work which, as it includes the probable ancestor of man, is doubtless that which most readers will first turn to. In the first place, he concludes that in that form the mouth had a more or less suctorial character; that it was placed on the ventral surface of the body; and that it has only gradually been adapted to biting purposes, and carried forward to the front end of the head. Secondly, this primitive creature had a notochord as its sole axial skeleton; and, thirdly, numerous gill-slits. This form is still persistent in the little lancelet (*Amphioxus*) and in the Ascidians. Gradually gills were developed, together with a brain and organs of sense, and we get a form of which the lampreys give us some idea. The next step was the development of what are called “branchial bars,” and the formation of the skeleton of the jaws. The nearest living representatives of this group are the sharks and rays, which still retain in the adult state the ventrally-placed mouth. The direct descendants of these, with perhaps the intervention of a hypothetical group called the Proto-ganoides, are the Ganoids—those remarkable armoured fishes which were evidently common at a former period of the world’s history, and of which there are still a few degenerate survivors—and the Dipnoi, or mudfishes. These latter became in time the parents of the Amphibia, while the former developed into the bony fishes (Teleostei), and through them into the Reptiles and the Mammalia. We feel that we owe the author some apology for thus briefly indicating conclusions the value of which can only be fully appreciated by a painstaking study of his work, with the aid of a museum and a laboratory. We venture to hope, however, that our remarks may suggest this labour to some students. They will find themselves amply repaid.

It may be assumed that before long, so rapidly does science advance, a new edition of this book will become necessary. When this happens, we hope that Mr. Balfour may be induced to preface it by an historical introduction of which he gave a sketch in his elementary treatise, containing an account of the rise and progress of the science of embryology. We do not mention the absence of this as a defect; but its presence would be a valuable supplement to a work which is alike admirable in conception and in execution.

WORTHIES OF THE WORLD.*

THE “Historical and Critical Sketches” which form this bulky volume have, as the preface informs us, already been published separately. “The gratifying success,” writes Dr. Dulcken, the editor, “that has attended the publication of the separate biographies leaves no room to doubt that they will find acceptance in this their collective form.” It is owing, we suppose, to this piecemeal issue that the sketches follow one another in so curious an order. We begin with Sir Walter Raleigh and Napoleon, and end with John Bright and Homer. Horatio Nelson comes between Martin Luther and Geoffrey Chaucer, while Julius Cæsar has on either side of him as supporters Sir Walter Scott and John Wesley. From Gustavus Adolphus we pass to Socrates, and from Socrates to Robert Bruce. The writers have endeavoured, we are told, “to concentrate as much information within the limits of each sketch as was compatible with clearness of description. *J’évite d’être (sic) long et je deviens obscur* was the caution given by Boileau to the cultivators of beauty,” adds Dr. Dulcken. It is a pity that he does not go to the maxim as given by Horace. It would have saved him from showing his ignorance or carelessness of French accents. Such a trifling matter as this, however, is scarcely worthy of notice among the grave charges to which this book lies open. The editor himself, as we shall presently show, falls into the grossest blunders. One of his contributors, however, whose sketches bear the initials of S. I. A., goes beyond blunders, and is guilty of the most shameless literary larceny. Whether he stands alone in this among his fellow-contributors we do not know. It was enough for our purpose to examine one or two of the sketches somewhat carefully, and to pass over the rest in contempt. Has the law of copyright, we found ourselves asking, suddenly come to an end? or are the great publishers too good-natured, or perhaps too careless, to put it in force? This is not the first writer whom, in the last year or two, we have convicted of stealing wholesale from works the copyright of which has not yet expired. It is much to be wished that one of these shameless scribblers were brought before a court of law, and taught that an author and his publishers have rights which cannot be wantonly assailed. A stop might in that case be put to the issue

of these worthless books, in which some great writer’s highly-finished labour is treated in much the same way as a chronometer is dealt with by a receiver of stolen goods. The beautiful workmanship is wantonly wasted, and by the utter sacrifice of what constituted its real value a little silver or gold is got out of the melting-pot.

The charge that we have brought against S. I. A. is already serious enough. But he has added to the offence, for he has artfully tried to hide it. As we shall presently prove beyond all manner of doubt, he has hoped to cast a veil over his pilferings by now and then openly avowing his obligations to the writer on whom he has preyed. He first of all appropriates wholesale a long passage, and then he tacks on to it a few lines which he places between quotation marks, and in which he owns the author. The ignorant or unwary reader would never for a moment guess that up to the place where these marks are given he had not been reading S. I. A.’s own words. It is on his sketch of William Pitt that we base this accusation. A considerable part of it is taken from Macaulay’s contribution to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. As this was written in the year 1859, the copyright has still many years to run. But even if it had expired, no justification could be found in that fact for the meanness and the impudence of a writer who tries to pass off as his own the polished eloquence of a great author. The opening passage of S. I. A.’s sketch is sufficient to establish the charges we bring against him. In a parallel column we give the passages in Macaulay on which the robbery has been committed:—

S. I. A.

The subject of the following memoir had a good start in life. He inherited a name which at the time of his birth was the most illustrious in the civilized world, and was pronounced by every Englishman with pride, and by every enemy of England with mingled admiration and terror. William Pitt the younger was born at Hayes, in Kent, on the 28th of May, 1759, and was the second son of Lord Chatham and of Lady Hester Grenville, Countess of Temple When only seven years of age, the interest he took in grave subjects, the ardour with which he pursued his studies, and the sense and vivacity of his remarks on books and events, amazed his parents and instructors.

A letter is extant in which Lady Chatham, a woman of considerable ability, remarked to her husband, that their youngest son at twelve had left far behind his elder brother who was fifteen. “The fineness,” she wrote, “of William’s mind makes him enjoy with the greatest pleasure what would be above the reach of any other creature of his small age.”

At fourteen the lad was already a man so far as intellect was concerned. Hayley, who met him at Lynn during the summer of 1773, was amazed, delighted, and somewhat over-awed, by hearing wit and wisdom from so young a mouth. The poet afterwards regretted that his shyness had prevented him from submitting the plan of an extensive literary work which he was then meditating, to the judgment of the extraordinary boy. The boy indeed had already written a tragedy, bad, of course, but “not worse than the tragedies of Hayley.” “This piece,” Lord Macaulay tells us, “is still preserved at Cheneving, and is in some respects highly curious.”

It will be seen that S. I. A. has not strictly kept to Macaulay’s language. The first sentence is, of course, his own. If he had confined himself to such statements as that William Pitt “had a good start in life,” he would have merely made himself a fair butt for ridicule. He gives, however, avowedly some fifteen lines from Macaulay, of which we have thought it needful to quote only the first two, and so, as we have said, endeavours to pass off the remainder as his own. At the end of the quotation, he apparently returns to his own narrative; but he again pilfers Macaulay’s article, here and there, making, as before, slight but foolish changes in the language. This trick he plays several times, frequently, but not always, marking his theft by following it up with an acknowledged quotation. As our readers will have noticed, he cannot even copy correctly. “Lady Hester Grenville, daughter of Hester, Countess Temple,” has been changed by this blunderer into “Lady Hester Grenville, Countess of Temple,” and Lyme becomes Lynn. As Lord Chatham had but two sons, Macaulay, of course, speaks of William Pitt as “their younger son.” “Younger,” S. I. A., in his ignorance of grammar, changes into “youngest.” Simplicity seems to be no less offensive to him than correctness. “The lad was in intellect a man,” Macaulay wrote. “The lad was already a man so far as intellect was concerned,” writes the pilferer. In the description which he steals of Pitt’s residence at Cambridge, he makes a change in one sentence which renders it absurd. Macaulay wrote, “At seventeen, he was admitted, after the bad

MACAULAY.

William Pitt, the second son of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and of Lady Hester Grenville, daughter of Hester, Countess Temple, was born on the 28th May, 1759. The child inherited a name which, at the time of his birth, was the most illustrious in the civilized world, and was pronounced by every Englishman with pride, and by every enemy of England with mingled admiration and terror At seven, the interest which he took in grave subjects, the ardour with which he pursued his studies, and the sense and vivacity of his remarks on books and on events, amazed his parents and instructors A letter is extant in which Lady Chatham, a woman of considerable abilities, remarked to her lord that their younger son at twelve had left far behind him his elder brother, who was fifteen. “The fineness,” she wrote, “of William’s mind makes him enjoy with the greatest pleasure what would be above the reach of any other creature of his small age.” At fourteen the lad was in intellect a man. Hayley, who met him in Lyme in the summer of 1773, was astonished, delighted, and somewhat overawed, by hearing wit and wisdom from so young a mouth. The poet, indeed, was afterwards sorry that his shyness had prevented him from submitting the plan of an extensive literary work, which he was then meditating, to the judgment of this extraordinary boy. The boy, indeed, had already written a tragedy, bad, of course, but not worse than the tragedies of his friend. This piece is still preserved at Cheneving, and is in some respects highly curious.

* *Worthies of the World: a Series of Historical and Critical Sketches of the Lives, Actions, and Characters of Great and Eminent Men of all Countries and Times.* Edited by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

fashion of those times, by right of birth, without any examination, to the degree of Master of Arts." S. I. A. improves upon this clear statement after the following fashion:—"At seventeen he was admitted, after the pernicious practice of those times, to the degree of Master of Arts."

We will venture to trouble our readers with one more set of parallel passages, so that we may establish this writer's dishonesty beyond a shadow of doubt:—

S. I. A.

It was asserted in many after-dinner speeches, Grab (*sic*) Street elegies, and academic prize poems and prize declamations, that the great Minister died exclaiming, "Oh my country!" This is a fable; but it is true that the last words which he uttered, while he knew what he said, were broken exclamations about the alarming state of public affairs.

A motion was made in the House of Commons that Pitt should be honoured with a public funeral and a monument. The motion was opposed by Fox in a speech which well deserves to be studied as a model of correct taste and good feeling. The task was the most invidious that ever an orator undertook; but it was performed with a humanity and delicacy which were warmly acknowledged by the mourning friends of the deceased.

S. I. A. carries his stealings still further without a word or a mark to show that the words are not his own. He does not even spare that noble passage in which our great historian tells how, as Wilberforce said, "the eagle face of Chatham from above seemed to look down with consternation into the dark house which was receiving all that remained of so much power and glory." Four lines later he is at his old subterfuge, and thus begins a new paragraph:—"Some of Pitt's admirers," remarks Lord Macaulay, "seemed to consider," &c. One improvement that S. I. A. has made on the language of the original is too admirable to be passed over in silence. A dead Prime Minister, he feels, must not be spoken of as "him who was gone," but as "the deceased." We may be thankful that he did not go a step further, and write "the mourning friends of the late lamented deceased." We are reminded of the correction that the Alderman proposed to make in the inscription that was to be placed on Pitt's statue in Guildhall, wherein it was stated that a man who had been Prime Minister of England during nearly twenty years died poor. The Alderman moved to strike out "poor" and write in its place "in reduced circumstances."

While we thus expose the dishonesty of a contributor, we must not pass over in silence the work of the editor. Many of the sketches are from his own pen. In all such collections as the one before us we are sure to find a Life of Johnson. No task seems at first easier than to hash up Boswell, and yet there are few tasks in which a careless and ignorant workman more hopelessly breaks down. Dr. Dulcken shares the fate of many who have gone before him, and adds one more to the worthless abridgments of a great work. Not a few of the errors into which he falls have their source in the ostentation of learning. In a sketch it was needless to mention Johnson's godfather, Dr. Swinfen, or his pupil Offely, or the bookseller Gardener, or Boerhaave, or Barretier, or Lobo, or Lilliput, or Windham. If, however, they are introduced, some little regard should be paid to spelling, and they should not be printed Swinfer, Offley, Gardner, Boerhave, Basietire, Lobe, Lillupit, and Wyndham. Neither was it needful to make any mention of a grant that Bennet Langton's forefathers had received from an early king. But if Dr. Dulcken thinks it well to make now and then a display of his knowledge of history and of Boswell, he should at all events be careful how he copies. He says, "One of Langton's ancestors, as Johnson complacently remarked, received a grant from Edward III." In Boswell the passage stands thus:—"I have heard him say with pleasure, 'Langton, Sir, has a grant of free-warren from Henry the Second.'" Croker in a foot-note adds that Bishop Langton had had a similar grant from Edward the First. Dr. Dulcken apparently has combined the two accounts. He has been forced to choose between the two names; but, if he has ousted Henry, at all events he has added his "Second" to Edward's "First," and so has brought out as his result Edward the Third. In the account that he gives of Johnson's famous "frisk" with Langton and Beauchamp, when he had been awakened up at three in the morning by the loud knocking at his door, and had gone down armed with a poker in the belief that some ruffians were coming to attack him, our editor represents Johnson as saying, "What is it, you dogs?" What he really said was, "What, is it you, you dogs!" A few lines lower down Dr. Dulcken is likely to puzzle his readers. Johnson's "*un-idea'd girls*" becomes "*unidead girls*." He spoils Johnson's saying that "the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross" by thus altering it:—"The high tide of life was found at Charing Cross." In recording Johnson's removal from the Temple to Johnson's Court he writes:—"To Boswell he has humorously described himself as 'Johnson of that ilk.'" Where the humour is, and what is the meaning of "that ilk," Dr. Dulcken very clearly shows that he does not understand. For when he comes to Johnson's next change of residence he writes:—

MACAULAY.

It was asserted in many after-dinner speeches, Grub Street elegies, and academic prize poems and prize declamations, that the great minister died exclaiming, "Oh my country!" This is a fable; but it is true that the last words which he uttered, while he knew what he said, were broken exclamations about the alarming state of public affairs. . . . It was moved in the House of Commons that Pitt should be honoured with a public funeral and a monument. The motion was opposed by Fox in a speech which deserves to be studied as a model of good taste and good feeling. The task was the most invidious that ever an orator undertook; but it was performed with a humanity and delicacy which were warmly acknowledged by the mourning friends of him who was gone.

"Johnson's migrations were confined to a move from the south side of Fleet Street to the north, or from one court 'of that ilk' to another." *Ilk* he takes, we imagine, to be the Scotch for *Street*. He says that Boswell published his *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* a year or two after his return. Is he, then, so grossly ignorant as to dream that Boswell dared publish that work in Johnson's lifetime? It was written, as he ought to have known, in 1773, and was not published till 1785. He says that Johnson was much flattered in Scotland by the respect shown to him by Adam Smith. There is, indeed, a famous story handed down by Walter Scott of the meeting of these two men in Glasgow, according to which Johnson said to Smith "You lie," and Smith replied "You are a son of a—." "On such terms," adds Scott, "did these two great moralists meet and part, and such was the classical dialogue between two great teachers of philosophy." Unfortunately—or fortunately—Croker has shown that Smith was not in Glasgow at the time of Johnson's visit. It is, perhaps, some consolation, when such tales are spread abroad, to have Dr. Dulcken's assurance that "on this journey Johnson, on the whole, behaved very well." It is satisfactory also to know, on the same authority, that "Rasselas" has its undoubted value." That, by the way, is a great deal more than can be honestly said of these Sketches, unless from the point of view of a dealer in waste paper. In writing of the *Lives of the Poets* our editor in like manner boldly says, "It may be safely said that these lines (*sic*) will amply repay attentive and careful perusal." A strong suspicion has entered our mind that he is patronizing a work which he himself has never even so much as seen. He describes the *Lives* as "a series of short biographies," and he adds, "Here, as elsewhere, we wonder that a man who could do such great things should occasionally stoop to such little ones." Are the *Lives* of Cowley, Milton, Dryden, and Pope nothing better than "short biographies"? If these were little things to which Johnson had to stoop, the elevation at which he usually lived must have been wonderful indeed.

There are, indeed, "short biographies"—by the name of sketches they are sometimes known—which call for stooping as low down as the mire on the part of those who are to write them. Such "stoopers" as these have of late been far too commonly seen; but among them all no one has surpassed, or even rivalled in meanness, that contributor to the series before us whose articles bear the initials of S. I. A.

MARTIN ON THE CHINESE.*

WHEN we hear of a man living much beyond the usual span of human existence we naturally inquire, in the hope perhaps of being able to secure the same result, what were the habits, pursuits, and surroundings which so lengthened out his years. Possibly they may turn out to be of a kind so distasteful to us that we may prefer a probably shorter life enlivened by more congenial conditions. The Taoist philosophers of China succeeded in adding years to their age by abstracting their minds from every thought and sensation. The state of mind which could consider years so gained worth living is one that is only to be marvelled at. But as are the lives of men so are the lives of nations. The death-roll of empires is a long one, and is ever being added to. Kingdoms are constantly growing up, flourishing, decaying, and disappearing. If it were not so, the map-maker's occupation would be gone. As it is, his hands are always full.

Occasionally a nation far outlives its compeers, and philosophers and statesmen turn to it when it is within their reach to try to discover the secret of its elixir of life. China is such a nation. For more than twenty centuries the form of government established by She Hwang-te has practically remained unaltered, and the frontiers of the empire since it attained its maturity have scarcely varied. Dynasties have been overthrown, and the country has been repeatedly overrun by conquering invaders, but there has been no real break in the continuity of empire. The successful usurper, whether native or foreign, no sooner ascends the throne than he accepts, as a matter of course, the title, honours, and functions of the Son of Heaven whom he has deposed. He

Assumes the god,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

At the same time he humbly follows in the path of conduct laid down in the Nine Classics for Imperial rulers to walk in, and obeys to the letter the code of rites and ceremonies which was drawn up in the time of Solomon.

But what has given this continuous life to the Empire? Not dynastic succession; for that has been constantly and rudely broken. Not the perpetual rule of wise and virtuous sovereigns; for no greater tyrants, no more vicious *roués*, ever lived than some of the rulers who have sat on the throne of China. We must look elsewhere, therefore, for the secret of life possessed by the Empire, and in the pages of Dr. Martin's book a clue will be found to it. The primary burden of the papers which make up the volume before us is the system of education and the ends which it is made to accomplish. Under Dr. Martin's guidance we are able to inspect the hallowed precincts of the Han-lin Yuen, or "Imperial Academy," the headquarters of letters, and it is curious to observe what a shabby and dilapidated

* *The Chinese; their Education, Philosophy, and Letters.* By W. A. P. Martin, M.D., President of the Tungwen College, Peking. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

building is considered good enough to house the arcana of a system which supports so magnificent an institution as the Imperial throne of China. Almost under the shadow of the yellow-tiled roofs of the Imperial city stands a mean-looking building, with nothing observable to distinguish it from any of the numerous public offices of the capital:—

On entering the enclosure nothing meets the eye of one who is unable to read the inscriptions that would awaken the faintest suspicion of the importance of the place. A succession of open courts with broken pavements, and covered with rubbish; five low, shed-like structures, one story in height, that have the appearance of an empty barn; these flanked by a double series of humbler buildings, quite inferior to the stables of a well-conducted farmstead—some of the latter in ruins—and dust and decay everywhere. Such is the aspect presented by the chief seat of an institution which is justly regarded as among the glories of the Empire. A glance, however, at the inscriptions on the walls—some of them in Imperial autograph—warns the visitor that he is not treading on common ground.

Such, in outward appearance, is "one of the pivots of the Empire and the very centre of its literary activity." For twelve hundred years the small body of Han-lin scholars, who are the very incarnation of Chinese learning, have held their sessions undisturbed by dynastic revolutions or political outbreaks. No learned society in the world can compete with it in age or in its intense exclusiveness. No scholar, however powerful, and no mandarin, however high his post or full his purse, can hope to enter its portals unless he has won his way against all comers at the prescribed competitive examinations which alone serve as stepping-stones to it. And the competition is no mere form. The examinations being open to all, and forming as they do the only recognized channel to official rank, every man in the Empire who aspires to end his days as something more than a plebeian enters the lists.

At the first competition, which consists of five sessions separated by intervals of a few days each, and which is held annually in the chief city of each district, about two thousand candidates generally present themselves. Out of this number from twenty to eighty of the best are chosen, and on these are conferred the degree of *Siu-ts'ai*, or "Budding Genius." Every third year the budding geniuses from every district in each province—and there may be seventy or eighty—go to the provincial capital to appear before an Imperial examiner as candidates for the next degree of *Kü jin*, or "Promoted Scholars." On this occasion five or six thousand competitors contest the honour of being the one in each hundred who, as the ripest scholar, is admitted to the further degree of *Kü jin*. In company with all those who have won similar honours in the capital of the eighteen provinces of the Empire, the successful *Kü jin* goes, in the succeeding spring, to Peking, where, if fortune attends him, he wins the distinction of becoming a *Tsin shi*, or "One ready for office." In agreement with this descriptive title the new *Tsin shi* may, if they please, ballot for the vacant junior mandarinates for which they have now shown themselves qualified, and from which they may rise by their own exertions to seats in the Grand Council of State, or to places in the Imperial Cabinet. But, if desirous of still further distinguishing themselves as scholars, and of obtaining the honour of places in the Imperial Academy, the "two or three hundred survivors of so many contests" present themselves at the Palace, where they are examined by the Emperor in person. Out of this number about twenty are chosen whose scholarship is the ripest, whose penmanship is the best, and whose literary style is the most perfect, and to these are given seats among the Immortals of the Han-lin. On one only of these twenty chosen out of the three hundred million inhabitants of the Empire, *la crème de la crème*, is conferred the signal title of *Chwang-yuen*, or model scholar of the Empire. Once in three years is this degree granted; and so supreme is the prize that provinces contend for it, and the birthplace of the victor becomes famous for ever. The instant that the Imperial award is given, heralds carry the news at express speed to the friends of the laureate:—

We have seen [says Dr. Martin] them enter a humble cottage, and amid the flaunting of banners and the blare of trumpets announce to its startled inmates that one of their relations had been crowned by the Emperor as laureate of the year. And so high was the estimation in which the people held the success of their fellow-townsmen that his wife was requested to visit the six gates of the city, and to scatter before each a handful of rice that the whole population might share in the good fortune of her household.

But the Han-lin, which, being thus constituted, is recognized as the highest literary assembly in the Empire, is no lotus-eating retreat. Its members are appointed the official poets and historians of the reigning dynasty, and every Imperial compilation undertaken is the work of these men. It was they who edited the famous dictionary of the language which added a lustre to the reign of K'ang-he (1661-1721), and who, at the bidding of the Emperor K'ien-lung (1755-1795), compiled the celebrated encyclopædia in five thousand and twenty volumes, one of the few existing copies of which is now in the library of the British Museum. To act as examiners at the competitive examinations and as Literary Chancellors in the provinces form part also of their duties, as well as composing prayers for the use of the Emperor on occasions, writing inscriptions for the temples of various divinities, in acknowledgment of services, and choosing honorific titles for members of the Imperial household.

Such are the means by which the Emperor secures the services of the most highly educated men in the country. The holders of hereditary titles are so few that their existence cannot be said to impair the assertion that the holders of official rank form the only

aristocracy in China. Unlike the aristocracy of other lands, this charmed circle is, according to law, only to be entered by winning distinction at the examinations; and as these are open to every man in the Empire, of whatever age and of whatever station in life, except the very outcasts, the highest prizes are as freely accessible to the peasant or shopman as to the sons of the loftiest dignitaries. There is thus being continually recruited a vast army of scholars whose tastes and interests are all on the side of the existing order of things, and whose abilities serve both to maintain it and to crown it with honour. China may thus be said to be a democratic empire, tempered by an aristocracy of talent. Unfortunately the literary fields in which alone the scholars are allowed to exercise their abilities are cramped and narrow, but for information on this point we must refer our readers to the work before us.

But Dr. Martin travels over other fields besides the education of the people. He writes of their religions, their philosophy, their system of alchemy, and their literature. On all these subjects he is worth listening to, though with regard to some he shows a disposition to accept too implicitly the opinions of Chinese writers, who, speaking generally, show an extraordinary want of that critical ability which would alone make their opinions valuable. They can split straws over infinitesimally small points, but they are quite unable to draw a just inference from a wide basis of facts. A curious instance of this mental infirmity is their unquestioning belief that all the knowledge and all the science they possess were initiated and worked out by Chinese in China. And yet they are quite unable to point to any growth in either the one or the other. Their earliest records represent their ancestors as knowing quite or nearly as much as the modern scholars of the Empire, and tradition does not preserve an instance of an inscription in hieroglyphics, at which stage, had writing been invented in China, the characters must have remained for many centuries. In keeping with this general idea it is customary to regard Taoism as indigenous to China, and Dr. Martin accepts without questioning the belief. But it is impossible to read the musings of the founder, Laou-tsze, without perceiving that, directly or indirectly, he must have had access to the fountains of Indian philosophy. After all, however, the opportunities of making such willing concessions to Chinese prejudices are so few that they can scarcely be said to interfere with the undoubtedly great value of Dr. Martin's work.

JULIAN KARSLAKE'S SECRET.*

GIVEN two blameless prigs, to show how they made themselves, with the purest intentions, completely miserable—this, we regret to say, is the problem of Mrs. Needell's novel, *Julian Karslake's Secret*. Books like this are really a kind of answer to the aspersions which the pessimist is wont to cast on human life. Existence, it seems, is naturally so well ordered that the truly virtuous can only make a failure of it by the most desperate endeavours, and by the aid of the most improbable circumstances and accomplices. Julian Karslake and Sybil, his wife, are as truly virtuous as any two puppets can possibly be. But, by the aid of entire lack of common sense, of a preposterous villain, a rowdy relation, and a dying mother, who binds Julian to vows impossible in themselves, and by their interpretation more preposterous still, Mrs. Needell's hero and heroine manage to involve themselves in a series of very pretty scrapes. We do not say that these scrapes will not interest the confirmed novel-reader, and are far from warning him or her not to venture on *Julian Karslake's Secret*. The misfortune of novelists is that, while they appeal to a class of readers who are nothing if not uncritical, their writings have to be judged by reviewers in whom criticism is as much a habit as a duty. Julian Karslake's troubles are quite intricate and exciting enough for the reader who abandons himself to the author's will, and may very probably be popular with the public of circulating libraries. But, when examined in cold blood, the plot of this story seems one of the most antiquated of the *ficelles* of fiction, while the characters are far from exciting affectionate interest.

When she is first introduced to us, it is true, Sybil Dorrmore seems worthy of sympathy. She is the eldest daughter, tutor, and protector of a motherless family. The father is the selfish and self-absorbed literary man of fiction. He is allowed by a friend to live rent-free in a decaying old manor-house, and his children struggle up as they can while he devotes himself to a great work. This great work is a translation of the *Iliad*, and we are not surprised to learn that, when Mr. Dorrmore published it, on the system of divided profits and losses, he had to pay a large publisher's bill. In addition to translating the *Iliad*, Mr. Dorrmore made his daughter an accomplished Greek scholar at the age of eighteen, and she bought the boots and shoes of the family with her literary earnings. Among Sybil's other works, the author mentions a translation of "fragments of the *Prometheus*." Besides being clever, Sybil is pretty, and a great contemner of curates. The first scene in the book, where Sybil and her dog are acting Old Mother Hubbard before a nursery audience, is very pleasantly drawn, and induced us to conceive hopes of the book which have been sadly disappointed. Though she scorns curates, Sybil unconsciously wins the heart of one who is beautiful and rich, has "a high-bred physique," and "a composed and dignified

* *Julian Karslake's Secret*. By Mrs. John Hodder Needell. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

sweetness of personal manifestation." This gracious being is Julian Karslake, who surprises Sybil by suddenly coming and proposing to marry her, though scarcely any acquaintance exists between them. This proposal is as agreeable to Mr. Dorrmore (for Karslake is rich and generous) as it is disagreeable to Sybil, and to a singularly bearish admirer of hers, one Mr. Helstone. This Helstone is a distant connexion of Sybil's by the mother's side, and, having known the girl in childhood, falls in love with her as a young woman. It is natural enough that a proud girl, who has lived a lonely and purely intellectual life, should dislike the abruptness of Karslake's proposal. If he admired her, why did he not gradually acquire her esteem by the arts of pleasing in which rich, clever, and accomplished curates are not unversed? This question the reader asks himself at once; the answer he is not likely to anticipate. Karslake had a rowdy brother Harry, who betted and gambled. Julian deemed that a man with a rowdy brother could not possibly ask a girl to share his blighted existence. If this impossible and absurd scruple were generally entertained, there would be no marriages in families which keep a scapegrace. Now this scapegrace was supposed to have been drowned at the time when Karslake spoke to Sybil. The wicked brother had also committed a forgery, but this did not come to Julian's knowledge till after he was engaged to Sybil. In spite of the efforts of Helstone to prevent the engagement, the pair were betrothed; for Julian gradually won Sybil's affection, and he not only aided her father, but saved one of her brothers from drowning, as it is the privilege and duty of a hero of fiction to do.

We have not yet arrived at the secret, which is first detected by the experienced novel-reader in the fifty-third page of the first volume. "I am moderately rich," said Julian, "and free from all personal family ties," his face clouded for a moment as with an involuntary reminiscence of pain. Somewhat later, Sybil goes up to London to buy her *trousseau*, which task seems to occupy her for an unnecessary time. The house of Helstone is thought peculiarly well fitted for her home, as Helstone hates and insults Julian, and has moreover not only a dowdy sister, but a homicidal and lunatic mother under her roof. The existence of the lunatic mother is kept as secret as possible. Her presence in the story does not seem in the least essential. Whenever the tale drags more than usual, the mother has a violent fit, and Helstone goes up and is half-strangled by his unfortunate parent. On one occasion he is rescued by Julian, who gets badly bitten on the left hand by the old lady. The course of love runs tolerably smoothly, though Sybil learns from Julian that he has a mystery connected with a brother. Presently Helstone detects Julian in very affectionate talk with a young lady and a small boy. The small boy has all the beauty and "highbred physique" of Julian, and is indubitably a young Karslake. The scene, craftily chosen, of this secret interview is among the antres vast and secluded recesses of the remote Crystal Palace. Novelists seem to think that people who wish to escape notice always resort to the unexplored wildernesses of the courts of the "palace made of windows." Helstone leaps to the natural conclusion that the lady is Karslake's victim, and the child his son. He threatens and insults Julian; he is always threatening and insulting that "passionless perfection," and then tells Sybil what he has seen. But she trusts her Karslake, the marriage is not interrupted, and Sybil is taken to "see as much of Southern Europe as wealth, culture, and devotion could procure."

This is perhaps the best place to explain why Sybil is so irritating. One or two of her speeches (she speaks "like a printed book") will make her irritating qualities manifest. Thus, when Karslake, before his engagement, hints that he hopes no other attachment comes between them, Sybil replies in this style:—

"I have loved many men from childhood upwards," she said, "with an ardour no living creature, I think, will ever excite in my mind: they have been heroes, saints, philosophers even: Pericles, Cæsar, Marcus Aurelius in the old times; and in the present—I am not sure it would be wise to tell you the names of those who stir my enthusiasm most."

Again, after her marriage her husband asks her if she will oblige him by going to church. As he is a clergyman, and it is his own church he wants her to attend, she replies thus:—

"Yes, because it would be an act of discourtesy towards my husband if I did not; but I think I shall ask you to accept it as a proof of my wifely devotion. You know how I have been brought up, how little I have been used to Church-going, and, to be quite frank, I feel no sense of deprivation in the past or of gain in the present. Sometimes"—with a radiant smile—"if my mind is very weary, or again if it be very full, say, there is a new poem of Browning's to read or a novel of George Eliot's, I am afraid I shall beg you to let me off."

Probably the candid reader will now admit that Sybil is that most annoying creature, an "advanced" young lady freethinker. But Sybil was not long to occupy her Sunday mornings in peace and happiness with *Fifine at the Fair* and *Theophrastus Such*. The wicked Helstone tracked Karslake to the house where the young woman of the Crystal Palace adventure was living, and where her child was ill. He detected Karslake ministering to their necessities, and dared him to deny that he was the woman's lover and the father of the child. The real father, as every reader perceives, is the rowdy brother, who, after adding a cypher to the cheque of a vindictive Scotchman, had fled across sea, had been wrecked, and finally had turned up very inconveniently in London. But why did Julian go on suffering for his brother's sins, and bearing the burden of his misdeeds? Because he had taken an oath to a dying mother. The oath is thus described:—

"You will never forsake Harry," she had faltered, as the pale, stricken

lad knelt by her side to receive her last commands; "he is so much younger and tenderer than you. Promise me you will always stand by him as long as you live, and will help him, even at any cost to yourself." The oath, as again described, was to the effect that Julian "would secure Harry's welfare in preference to his own." We have first to imagine a mother who would exact so absurd a promise, then to believe in a son who would bind himself thus, and, finally, to imagine that Julian would so interpret his oath as to refuse to disclose the fact of Harry's existence. He actually carries this theory of his duty so far as to lie deliberately when he is asked if he has a brother. The only sensible person in the tale, the vindictive Scotchman whom Harry has defrauded, says, with truth:—

"What is the meaning of this farce? You suffer a girl like your wife to listen to such taunts, know yourself accredited with the parentage of Nell Trevelyan's child, flouted with its monstrous likeness to yourself, and do not speak the one word that would clear you! By God, you deserve to be left struggling in the mire!"

These remarks of Mr. Anstruther are the best and briefest criticism on the conduct of Mrs. Needell's hero and on the character of her plot.

If Julian is the martyr of a morbid spirit of self-sacrifice, which spares no one who is innocent that he can possibly involve in trouble, his wife may be said to equal him in ingenious perversity. Helstone threatens, as an "aggrieved parishioner," to bring Julian's conduct before the Vestry. The parish Vestry seems an ill-chosen tribunal; but Julian and his wife both actually visit Helstone, and implore him not to carry out his threat. At last Sybil, in Julian's absence, makes an arrangement with Helstone. She is to run away, and stay away from her husband, and Helstone is to refrain from dragging Julian before the Vestry. Sybil therefore flees to the Waterloo Station, takes a ticket to Esher, and there is hospitably received by a kind old lady, who drinks tea out of old Chelsea cups. This is just the refuge for Sybil, who had been in the habit of nursing a "perfect bronze" and "priceless bit of old china." In the remote and untrodden wastes of Esher Sybil long remains concealed. To run away from a husband is not the best method of concealing him from shame and scandal, nor does Sybil's manoeuvre produce this result. The later machinations of Helstone, and the conclusion of this strange, eventful history, may be discovered by the curious in the last volume of Mrs. Needell's romance. Helstone is left expressing his hope of yet becoming a friend of Julian's; and, so utter a prig is Julian, that very probably he deemed it his duty to forgive and cherish his clumsy and blackguardly persecutor.

If *Julian Karslake's Secret* be a first novel, there is no reason why its author should despair of producing much better work. The style, though somewhat stiff, is correct; and the earlier chapters show considerable power of setting a situation before the reader. But there is at present no indication of ability to devise and carry out a complicated plot; and it is probable that Mrs. Needell would succeed better in a less ambitious effort.

MADAME J— ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

THE book of which this is a translation appeared a few months ago in France, and was then noticed in our French Literature columns. It was published by M. Lockroy avowedly as a political pamphlet in order to do justice to "a party which has been systematically calumniated." The writer was, it seems, M. Lockroy's grandmother; and this being the case, one does not quite see why the thin disguise of initials should have been kept up, especially as quite sufficient indications are given to enable any one with a little trouble to identify the persons concerned. However, that is M. Lockroy's business. We are quite ready to accept his statement of the facts, and we only wish that he had been a little more liberal of information as to the subsequent history of the personages introduced. Mme. J—, it seems, was the wife of a man of some property in an out-of-the-way part of Dauphiné, not far from the town of Romans, which is best known nowadays as having not long ago been the scene of one of M. Gambetta's most famous speeches. The whole family seems to have at once thrown in its lot with the Revolution, and the husband was not only named "Deputy Supplementary" to the Legislative Assembly, but was subsequently a full-fledged member of the Convention. The eldest son was for a considerable time absent in England, and afterwards had a Government mission to Toulouse, while M. J—, during the period of his "supplementary" deputyship, had to live at Romans. The mother of the family, however, resided in Paris during the most stirring times of the pre-Thermidorian period, and wrote frequently to her husband and her son. It is these letters which M. Lockroy has published, with a very few of earlier date, depicting pleasantly enough the experiences of country life. His object is to show that "the same process took place in the minds" of Mme. J— and of the nation, that "the irresistible logic of facts brought her to the Republic," and that "her patriotism impelled her into the ranks of the Jacobin party." M. Lockroy insists (quite rightly) on the fact that these letters are obviously unstudied and purely private; and, holding up his grandmother as a type of an ordinary woman of good education and intellect, full of family affection, and quite free from any motives of

* *Letters of Madame J— on the French Revolution*. Edited by Edouard Lockroy. Translated from the French by Miss Martin and an American Collaborator. London: Sampson Low & Co.

ambition, greed, or the like, he asks us to take this testimony in favour of a calumniated party. The challenge is fair; and now that it has by the fact of translation been definitely put to Englishmen, it is time to take it up.

Almost at the outset of the book we come across passages which make us doubt whether the distance "between Mme. J.—'s starting-point and her conclusions" was quite so great as M. Lockroy would have us think. She tells us frequently that the Abbé Mably was a friend of the family, and every one who knows anything of the history of the French Revolution knows how disastrously it was influenced by Mably's Græco-Roman, or rather pseudo-Græco-Roman, Republicanism. Her son, a boy of ten years old, is entreated to "remember Epaminondas and Coriolanus, who took a double pleasure in doing right, from the sense of the joy they gave their good mothers." There is no harm in this, though it shows that Mme. J.— had not the least notion of Coriolanus, and that she had imbibed the ridiculous Brutus-and-Harmodius jargon which was answerable for so much. This was four years before the Revolution. The next letter dates from '89 itself. The mother writes to her small boy, "Our courageous representatives, after having braved the thunderbolts of despotism," &c. &c. This may seem to M. Lockroy the attitude and language of the average sensible woman, undeceived by phrases, and prepared to be a trustworthy witness; it does not seem so to us. Two years later (for the early letters are few and far between) she pities her husband for his stay among "that hateful lot of aristocrats"; and immediately afterwards a still more instructive sentence occurs, which is at once a confession and a symptom. "Remember," she says to her son, "that among the twenty-five millions who people this great realm of France there is hardly one in a hundred who has raised himself to the height of the Revolution, or who understands all that your fresh and energetic mind conceives so easily, like those valiant Romans with whom your studies have made you intimate." This paragon of the twenty-five millions of France was, let it be remembered, a boy of sixteen, and he had, according to his mother, put himself into a position to judge the state of a complex modern civilization by studying valiant Romans. It is not wonderful, after these maternal encouragements to priggishness, that we come across a letter expostulating with the young man for taking his parents to task as to their manner of educating him. When a young gentleman of sixteen has been told that his intellectual condition is superior to that of twenty-four million seven hundred and fifty thousand of his countrymen, he may not unreasonably presume. Not long afterwards Mme. J.— remarks that "the insolence of the aristocrats must have angered the Supreme Being." "The nobles are monstrously wicked." "Devils of every hue are arriving in Paris from all parts of the country." Yet, again, she knows that "the story of Chabot Carra, &c., has defeated a barbarous plot which was on the point of being put into execution. . . . The stupid crowd asks for material proofs," and she admits that there is nothing but "moral certainty, because all evil geniuses are prudent and clever enough to concoct their crimes in secret." "Food has doubled in price; every means is used to weary and exhaust the people." She is unhappy about her son. "The gloomy temperament of the English people augments his natural disposition to melancholy; and royal despotism, which in England exercises all its tyranny under the name of liberty, grieves him almost to the point of despair." A petition adverse to Mme. J.—'s views is presented; "it was received with the contempt it deserved, and the indignant Assembly closed the sitting." The entrance to the Louvre is forced. "Some stupid coarse expressions were uttered, no doubt by enemies of the people, at the moment when entrance to the den was gained." "We are," she says, "as firm as the Alps, as lofty as the cedars of Lebanon, and as calm as the still waters of a lake." "There are three federals staying at —. These three men of liberty have an air as proud and austere as her own." D'Espréménil is mobbed by some calm and lofty patriots. All Mme. J.— has to say is to record the fact; "he had the audacity to preach the counter revolution." One of the numerous and preposterous canards of the time has been set afloat. "A frightful event has again excited our indignation. Our volunteers at the camp at Soissons have been poisoned by powdered glass being put in their bread. The report of the Commissioners sent by the Assembly seems to indicate that it was due to carelessness, but that deceives no one." The 10th of August comes. To do Mme. J.— justice, she seems a little uncomfortable, but she discovers the happy phrase, "There have been some popular executions which prove that the lion is roused." Shortly afterwards, when the pikes had hardly been cleansed of their goblets of Swiss flesh, she remarks, "the people demand justice. . . . How gay and good-humoured the French are!" It is, indeed, confessed in a day or two that "poor petty creatures who can only understand partial justice are revolted at the horror of a head on a pike." But then Mme. J.— is not a poor petty creature. This is followed up by a casual reference to "the idiotic toleration of superficial minds." The 2nd of September staggers her for a moment, but only for a moment. "The discovery of the most infernal machinations does away with regret, for if the people had not purged the earth of the villains who were in the prisons, they would have saturated it with the blood of the people." A vigorous company of villains truly—some hundreds of bloodthirsty old men, young women, and priests against Paris. Soon after the weathercock changes. The Girondists, and especially Pétion, have been the writer's idols. Now they are "incredibly wicked." A little later Mme. J.— informs her son Jules that, if a plan of his had been

adopted, "if the executive power had executed that well-devised system of enlightening the English people, George and Pitt would have wasted their time and money." The letters end abruptly, and all we know is that the gifted Jules, aged eighteen, was arrested after Thermidor. We hope he was not guillotined; but, if he was, it would be interesting to know whether his mother retained her opinion of the good-humoured gaiety of the French people and the sublime attributes of the Revolution.

We have adopted this laborious and not particularly elegant plan of stringing together the most pertinent expressions of Mme. J.—'s opinion in the very words of the writer, because it seems to us that in no other way can the reader be put in a position to decide M. Lockroy's problem. Is Mme. J.— a "woman of superior mind," who singles out with clear-sighted patriotism the "only men who were strong and bold enough to protect the democracy and France"; or is she a doubtless well-meaning and domestically affectionate person, who has been initiated early into a bombastic habit of speech and a confused habit of thought, who follows in a docile manner the political opinions of those whom she loves, who accepts the most absurd hoaxes with implicit faith, who believes her own family to be the best and cleverest people in the world, and who is comparatively indifferent to any suffering which does not directly concern that family? We have given a plentiful *corpus* of evidence on which to decide the question, and, for our part, we have not much doubt what the verdict of reasonable people must be. It is, we think, a matter of some congratulation that the book has been published, and of more that it has been translated, for it forms an admirable commentary on the theory, now often put forward, that the traditional detestation in which the Revolution has been held is folly; that not only was the blood which flowed not so very pure, but that very little of it flowed at all; and that, so far from this triumph of unbridled democracy being an argument against that form of government, it is a testimonial in its favour. M. Taine has attracted the wrath of critics of this kidney, because he has chosen once more to set forth the facts, and it is not impossible the damaging effect of his volumes which has stirred M. Lockroy up to the publishing of this book. If so, he is most assuredly hoist with his own petard. We may even grant him his thesis as to his grandmother's natural qualities for his more effectual confusion. What sort of principles must they be which make a well-educated and superior woman of quick affections indulge in rant of which a schoolboy might be ashamed, swallow fictions and fallacies which ought not to deceive an infant in arms, and palliate the nameless outrages of the 10th of August and the 2nd of September?

It may be added that the interest of the book is, with very few exceptions, entirely historical and political. It is, on the whole, fairly translated, though there are one or two blunders of rendering, and though the proper names throughout are printed with a good deal of carelessness.

SCOTT ON ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.*

THE architecture of churches considered in direct relation to the uses for which they are built—or, to adopt the compendious modern term, ecclesiology—is a branch of study which has taken shape over Europe within the lifetime of the actual generation, while the headquarters of this suddenly popular science are found in England. The years which have elapsed since the days of Britton, of Pugin, of Willis, and of the Cambridge Camden Society have built up enormous piles of information, comprised in libraries of publications of all sizes, from the folio to the leaflet. The time had already come for condensing the stores so redundantly provided by these diversified authorities into some compendious treatise of an encyclopediac kind, of larger bulk and more pretension than Mr. Parker's Manual, or the almost forgotten *Handbook of English Ecclesiology* put out by the Cambridge Society. In other words, some one was wanted to do for England that which M. Viollet-le-Duc had performed for France, while avoiding the perverse eccentricity which induced the French antiquary to cast his materials in the unscientific and cumbersome shape of dictionaries.

Our thanks are accordingly due to Mr. G. G. Scott for having, cradled as he has been among Gothic churches, given proof of his training, and come forward to utilize the vast store of information which had grown up in his own and his father's hands, in an *Essay on the History of English Church Architecture prior to the Separation of England from the Roman Obedience*, an expression which plainly shows where the writer's own obedience now is centred.

Mr. Scott, in view of the wide field of enterprise which he had mapped out for himself and his performance, modestly apologizes for his "little work" as "somewhat unmethodical and even desultory—a collection of papers rather than an essay." When a writer comes forward to forestall his critics' less favourable judgment, criticism is perforce disarmed; so we shall only remark upon this confession that we can hardly accept the epithet "little" in relation to a quarto closely printed, mostly in double columns and with numerous notes in very small type, besides being rich with copious illustrations, in plans and perspectives, although conspicuously destitute of elevations. The body of the

* *An Essay on the History of English Church Architecture prior to the Separation of England from the Roman Obedience.* By George Gilbert Scott, F.S.A. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1881.

work consists of five chapters—namely, 1, the general history of ecclesiastical architecture previously to the conversion of the English; 2, from the Mission of St. Augustine to the Norman Conquest; 3, the Norman period; 4, from the first appearance of the Pointed style to the commencement of the fourteenth century; and, 5, from the fourteenth century to the close of the Mediæval period. There are, moreover, separate essays interspersed between the chapters, on the Orientation of the Early Christian Churches; on the Artistic and Æsthetic Elements in Primitive Christianity; on Early Churches in Eastern and Western Christendom; the Ornamentation of the Basilica of St. Felix at Nola (contributed by that erudite antiquary Mr. R. O. Jenkins, of Lyminge); Vitruvius on the Secular Roman Basilica; the History of the Casula (or Chasuble); the Painted Ceilings of St. Albans Abbey; on certain Mediæval Innovations in the Distribution of Churches; and, finally, Notes and Remarks upon the Illustrations. The result of this somewhat complicated scheme of composition is that we have a book which is more than a history of English, and yet less than a history of cosmopolitan, church architecture. We fear that, with all Mr. Scott's industry, and in spite of the great mass of curious materials which he has brought together, the anomalous and rather perplexing method of his volume will tell against its taking the place among standard works of reference which in some respects it might have claimed; but we trust that its author has really intended it only to be a pilot balloon for that general history of ecclesiology towards which it is so considerable a contribution. For such a larger treatise all its contents are, in different degrees, available, while its reduction within the promise of its title-page would lead to huge excisions.

We are sorry to say that, in reference to the purely English portion of the volume, we have a grave remonstrance to offer. The title, several times repeated through the volume, is *The History of English Church Architecture*, with no explanation or limitation of that expression. Yet in an overwhelming preponderance through the text—and absolutely without a single exception in the illustrations, be they plans or perspectives—that which is presented to us is a series of examples of English cathedral, monastic, and collegiate church architecture. Any one who will take the trouble of thinking how numerous, how various, how historically interesting, and in their larger and more costly specimens how architecturally valuable and how artistically magnificent, are our old parish churches, will understand that such a selection can offer but a one-sided exhibition of the ecclesiastical treasures of mediæval England.

It is curious, considering how thoroughly his sympathies are concentrated upon the Church before the Reformation, that Mr. Scott should have chosen, by way of frontispiece, to give us the representation of a monument which has recently acquired historical value as fixing the character of the ceremonial revival of the seventeenth century. No doubt the extreme beauty of the Cistercian minster church of Abbey Dore in Herefordshire, built in the thirteenth century, would plead for its filling a place of honour in any collection of architectural designs. But that which first catches the eye in this representation of its east end is its long stone altar raised on a footpace which is no longer than the slab itself, so that the celebrant must perforce stand in front of it. It is on record that the church was restored and this altar put up in the reign of Charles I. by a munificent and well-known Churchman, Lord Scudamore; while the service drawn up for its consecration by the diocesan, Bishop Wren, and for the first time published a few years ago by Mr. Fuller Russell, embodies a ritual more calculated, according to the notions of the Church Association, to land its author in that prison which was, after all, Bishop Wren's fate for eighteen years, than upon a Bishop's throne. The altar and the consecration service at Abbey Dore are a startling refutation of the plunging efforts of such controversialists as the Dean of Chester to get rid of the light which the practice of Churchmen such as Wren and Cosin throws upon their reading of the Prayer-Book and its ritual.

Mr. Scott has been misinformed in the statement which he makes that, till some forty years ago, the so-called "patriarchal chair" at Canterbury occupied its primitive place behind the high altar, and facing westward, and that at this date "Archbishop Howley abandoned this relic of primitive custom, and modestly withdrew his throne from a position of dignity, felt, perhaps, to be unreal, to a more humble situation in the choir." About the date named, the Italian altar screen and throne, with which the eighteenth century had burdened Canterbury Cathedral, made way for successors in that which the uneducated fancy of the then Cathedral surveyor believed to be Gothic; but no further contempt than that of continuous neglect was then shown to the ancient Cathedra, which had for years out of mind been banished to that transept in which it is still found. Referring to the Saxon Cathedral of Canterbury (of which he republishes Professor Willis's plan), which we know to have been a specimen of that curious arrangement still to be found in some German churches—the Metropolitane Cathedral of Mainz, for instance—by which an apse and an altar were provided at either end, Mr. Scott conjectures that these buildings must originally have been basilicas, with the altar (as in those at Rome) at the west end, the celebrant looking eastward, and that the apse at the other end was added for the use of the monastic body. The question is too extensive for us to adventure its discussion, nor can we enter into the other matters of ecclesiastical controversy which are raised in various parts of the volume.

THE VICAR'S PEOPLE.*

IT is about two years since *The Parson o' Dumford* was reviewed in these columns; and a new novel by the same author comes into our hands without any of the suggestions of weariness in the reading, or of inanity in the contents, which too commonly are associated with modern fiction. In the former novel the centre of action, as well as the main interest of the story, was found in the "Parson" himself; and it may have been by way of contrast that Mr. Manville Fenn has assigned to his later work its somewhat misleading title, which to ordinary readers of publishers' notices may indicate either an ecclesiastical novel with a purpose or a social picture having some clerical domestic interior as its scene. *The Vicar's People* is nothing of either kind; it is a story where the interest centres entirely in the people, and in which the Vicar takes a subordinate and almost feeble part. He is a kindly and well-meaning man, but without the force of character which gave "the Parson o' Dumford" influence with his parishioners; and it is in the young engineer, Geoffrey Trethick, that the counterpart of the Rev. Murray Selwood of Dumford is to be found among "the Vicar's people."

The scene is laid in a Cornish mining district on the coast; and the "people" are occupied in some proportion as miners, but for the most part as fishermen. The mines of the neighbourhood have long been known to the promoters of Companies, and of some of them the names and fortunes are associated with the chequered histories of the Stock Exchange. A writer of fiction who places himself amidst these circumstances must be either very reckless or very careful. He has to steer between the Scylla of engineering and the Charybdis of finance—under the possible, if rather Hibernian, contingency of being swallowed up in both. But Mr. Manville Fenn has not been trained in the school of authors whose full moons are seen from Welsh mountains rising over the Irish Sea; and, either from intimate local knowledge or from careful study, he has succeeded in presenting to his readers a series of pictures which convey an impression of entire accuracy in detail, whether as regards the dialect and vocabulary of the Cornish coastfolk, the technical processes of mining, or the relations of "adventurers" alike to brokers in the City and to bankers in the West.

The second title of *The Vicar's People* is a summary of the whole "story" of the work. It is "the Story of a Stain," and this forms the dark thread connecting the various and powerful delineations of character and the succession of dramatic situations and incidents which, rather than any development of plot, attract the attention of the reader. The "stain" itself is of a nature which will be readily imagined; and the author, in working out both the main and the subordinate outlines of the story, would seem to have been as studious in the invention of paradox as he has been careful to avoid mistakes in construction. We are met by the paradoxical in almost every shape which the structure of a novel allows; and, whether the paradox be in its character physical, moral, or artistic, we may feel tolerably certain that it has been introduced of deliberate purpose, and not by any oversight of the writer. Among the questions of this kind which Mr. Fenn presents—challenging the immediate doubt whether the situations are possible or are within the limits of allowable fiction—we are not disposed to offer any definite opinion on those which are physical in their character. Of these, the most conspicuous, and, as to incident, the most elaborately and strikingly drawn, is the escape of Bess Prawle, the smuggler's daughter, from the mine down the shaft of which she—the wrong victim—had been thrown. To the reader, as to the baffled contriver of the crime, the conditions of the fall must preclude all thought of escape from instant death; but the author follows the intricacies of mining passages as one who is familiar with them, and, granting the assumed combination of nerve, bodily vigour, and mental resource in the girl, we cannot pronounce the description impossible. By an ingenious method, introduced in connexion with another portion of the story, Mr. Fenn had already carried his readers along the strange subterranean adit or passage from the shore by which the outlet for the escape of overflow water from the mine could be reached. A second physical difficulty must be left to the criticism of medical readers. It is convenient for the purposes of the story that Geoffrey Trethick should for the time lose his reputation in more ways than one, and that he should appear to his neighbours to be a drunkard as well as a profligate. This result is brought about by means of drugged liquor accidentally taken, and prepared, not for him, but for the two night-watchers at his mining engine, upon whom it had produced the intended effect of sending them into a deep and immediate sleep. Geoffrey, exhausted by watching and anxiety after the ruin of his mine, "had partaken of a terribly strong dose in the dregs of the bottle, where the drug had settled down"; but in his case, before he becomes insensible, and apparently helplessly drunk, there is a considerable interval, in which he is able to pay a visit to Mr. Penwynn the banker, and in his and his daughter's presence to fall into the unsteady condition of ordinary intoxication, which comes upon him unexpectedly. In this case some incongruity appears at first sight between the cause and the effect.

The Wheal Carnac mine had been flooded by a disreputable miner named Lannoe, on the instigation of one Tregenna, a lawyer,

* *The Vicar's People: a Story of a Stain.* By George Manville Fenn, Author of "*The Parson o' Dumford*." 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall (Limited). 1881.

and the villain of the book. Tregenna is drowned in attempting to escape from arrest on a charge of murder; and the wreck, from which the fishermen are saved, is seen from the shore. The scene is well described upon the ordinary lines of fiction; but the death of Lannoe the miner is an illustration of the artistic paradox to which we have already referred. This part of Mr. Fenn's work may be said to correspond with the representation in a picture of a vessel going down with all hands in the open sea, without land or a sail in sight—a case of which the conditions preclude the possibility of any picture having been drawn. Lannoe has gone down into the mine for the purpose of making a breach on the sea side, by blasting with a cartridge and long fuse. All his proceedings are described in detail till he gives with his pickaxe a blow to fix the cartridge, which he believes to contain gunpowder only, in its place. The cartridge is, however, of dynamite, and Lannoe is killed by the explosion at the same moment that the water rushes in.

But it is upon the moral paradox involved in the main action of the story that Mr. Manville Fenn's critics will probably have most to say. We do not go so far as to pronounce the course which he has marked out for his hero impossible; but in a man situated as Geoffrey Trethick was at the time we must regard it as extremely unlikely, while it was not a course which in honour or in conscience he could have been in any way bound to adopt. He had rescued Madge Mullion, the vain and weak daughter of his landlady, from the death which she sought for the sake of concealing the "stain," and he had carried her to the cottage of old Prawle, the fisherman and smuggler, on the shore, where he had for some time been on a footing of intimacy. As the story of Madge became known, suspicion had fallen on Geoffrey, and his Carnac friends began either to look coldly on him or to cut him altogether. The suspicion was groundless, and the true direction in which the eyes of the neighbourhood should have been turned has been evident to the reader from the first; but in a gossiping society such as that of the little Cornish town which Mr. Fenn describes it was not the less likely to gain currency because it was without real foundation. A man of Geoffrey's character might have been slow to detect the first indications of its existence; but, when he had fully realized the fact, his reasonable anger and his natural contempt for his slanderers would not, in any ordinary case, have prevented him from taking at once the necessary steps to clear his character. Instead of doing this, Geoffrey deliberately allows himself to remain under the imputation; and the Vicar, who had the sense to say to him, "It is unmanly not to clear your fame," had not the courage to act on his conviction and to let the truth be known. "Maybe," Geoffrey said bitterly; "but I don't think I am like other men. I shall wait until Time shall bleach it once more white." Time, as far as common experience goes, is more apt to make damaged reputations mouldy than to bleach them, and Geoffrey had no right to calculate on any such catastrophe as that by which, to the great interest of Mr. Fenn's readers, all things come right in the end.

In a slighter paradox of an ecclesiastical sort there is probably an underlying vein of satire beneath the author's narrative. Decorations for harvest thanksgiving services are now sufficiently common, and we have seen the brilliant yellow of three or four vast vegetable marrows used with excellent effect as a base. Still, to the profane and unsymbolical mind, "turnips and carrots" and suchlike offerings may well suggest the idea of "a greengrocer's shop"; and, if the one product of Cornish industry may be represented in church, why not also that which supplies the fishmonger next door? Fish are "the harvest of the sea"; but "a pile of mackerel at the foot of the lectern" is a concrete way of setting forth an abstract proposition for which we imagine that congregations in general are hardly as yet prepared. So Tom Jenner's mates supposed; and so, in fact, did Tom himself. "It'll make a gashly old smell," he said; but, being dared to "take 'em up to parson," and the challenge being backed by several wagered gallons of ale, he made the experiment, and, as it turned out, with entire success, the Vicar taking the offering in perfect seriousness, and having "no thought of the men perpetrating a joke against his harvest festival." It is true that among recent harvest decorations—if the report of a local paper in the midland counties can be trusted—the usual "carrots and parsnips" have appeared in company with a "leg of mutton"; but is Mr. Fenn quite serious about the mackerel?

One of the minor characters among the Vicar's people is an elderly bank clerk, with a name which we may presume to be pronounceable in Cornwall, and with a habit which we think must have been entirely original, but which struck us as capable of being turned to some practical account. Mr. Chynoweth kept a private pack of cards in his office desk, and was accustomed, in his principal's absence, to play whist by himself under the lid. As an amusement, this can have been but mildly exciting; as an intellectual exercise, its merits may have been of a definite, though not of a high, order. In either aspect, it appeared to supply a rough but effective test for the classification of such works of fiction as our duty obliges us to read, or to attempt to read. We have accordingly tried the experiment—a hand first, then a chapter—and with distinctly marked results. Mr. Manville Fenn has no need to fear the comparison which he has been the means of suggesting. *The Vicar's People* will not incline its readers to a second deal; but, in the case of some other novels which need not be specified, we turned from the three volumes with a sigh of relief to the more attractive companionship of the three "dummies."

MINOR NOTICES.

THOSE who are no longer young would probably not read this graceful and pleasant little story (1) if it were addressed to themselves, but many of them may be attracted by it if they find it in the hands of those to whom it is principally addressed. As far as the tale has a special purpose, it is apparently designed to connect the domestic interests of childhood with the love of poetry which sometimes deserves and rewards judicious cultivation at a very early age. The subject is only the first happy year in the country of a little town-bred girl; but she is the only child in the story, and her little experiences serve as a thread to connect half a dozen of her relations and friends, some of them with distinctive characters. Nearly all of them are supposed to have a taste for poetry, which furnishes an opportunity for collecting a large number of quotations, which are almost all descriptions of the moon; and, by a playful touch of fancy, most of them bear such names as Cynthia or Delia, which once personified the same luminary. The little girl, Margaret Esdaile, is taught that her name has been associated with the moon, as well as with the pearl and the daisy. Her title of "The Moonbeam" is a pet name, which is either the effect or the cause of a childish fondness for the moon. Mr. Grant, who, after his little grandniece, is the principal character in the story, has plausible reason for his answer to an inquiry as to the most beautiful of poetical passages relating to the moon. He quotes from the *Dream of Fair Women* the description of moonshine on a craggy mountain landscape:—

The balmy moon of blessed Israel
Floods all the deep-blue gloom with gleams divine;
All night the splintered crags that wall the dell
With spires of silver shine.

The writer has overlooked the most perfect description of the moon in English verse in Mr. Tennyson's translation of the famous passage in Homer. Even Pope's version about the "refulgent lamp of night" could not wholly disguise its beauty. The little tale, though its simplicity is carefully maintained, is not wholly devoid of the interest proper to fiction. A bright and cheerful lady Cynthia makes a happy marriage with a lover who, with unconscious conformity to local custom, applies to himself and to her a tender and thoughtful conceit from Browning's dedication of *Men and Women* to his wife. If, according to the poet, the Moon were "touched with human love,"

She would turn a new side to her mortal,
Side unseen of huntsmen, herdsman, steersman,
Blind to Zoroaster on his terrace,
Blind to Galileo in his turret.

God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures,
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman that he loves her.

Such true and subtle refinements of sentiment are, of course, far beyond the reach of the little heroine or subject of the story. Her own share in conversation is properly confined to questions, or to simple comments on her small store of knowledge and experience. It may be added that her friends, and especially her wise and kindly uncle, select the topics and fragments of information which would interest an intelligent child. A little girl living near the smooth Medway would take pleasure in learning that the river received its characteristic Celtic name of "honey-water" many centuries ago. In a former story, which had only the fault of being too tragic, Miss Lushington showed her knowledge of the lives and concerns of men and women. She also evidently understands the feelings of children, and on this occasion she has wisely abstained from allowing any interruption of varied and natural enjoyment, though she attempts to idealize everyday nursery life.

A flagrant instance of the lately introduced and detestable custom of issuing mutilated editions of standard works is found in Messrs. Bell's volume of *Select Tales by Maria Edgeworth* (2). The volume contains "Lazy Lawrence," "Tarleton," "Simple Susan," "The White Pigeon," and "Forgive and Forget"; and to the list of contents is affixed this remarkable note:—"The above Tales have been selected from the collection known as 'The Parents' Assistant,' as specially adapted for school use. The last two have been slightly condensed to bring the volume within the required compass." Now the "slight condensing" applied to bringing the volume within the required compass (required by whom?) amounts to a cutting out of some of the most characteristic and natural touches in the two stories. In other words, the two stories have been mutilated and spoiled to meet a "requirement" which, by whomsoever else it may be felt, is certainly not felt by readers. It is not only in omission, however, that the publishers or those to whom they have entrusted the "condensing" have sinned. They have committed the worse error of altering Miss Edgeworth's words. People who cherish a love for Miss Edgeworth's stories—and we hope that there are still many such people—will do well to avoid the mutilated edition which has seemed to us to call for these comments.

Major Griffiths generally writes in a pleasant and lively style, and in *Viscount Lacklands* (3) he has given us, within the limits of one volume of moderate size, as much matter as might have served many novel-makers for spinning out into three well-padded volumes.

(1) *Margaret the Moonbeam: a Story for the Young*. By Cecilia Lushington. Marshall, Japp, & Co. 1881.

(2) *Bell's Reading Books—Select Tales by Maria Edgeworth*. London: Bell & Sons.

(3) *Viscount Lacklands: a Tale of Modern Mammon*. By Major Arthur Griffiths, Author of "The Queen's Shilling," &c. London: Remington

Naturally the colours are laid on with a good fat brush; there is no stopping to go into minute dissection of character and motive, and we must confess to being well pleased to come across a book which contains "a story" well and sharply told, and does not go in for the "delicate analysis" business, of which we seem to have had something too much of late.

Among the most welcome of present reprints is that of the third edition of "The History of Little Goody Two-Shoes (4), otherwise called Mrs. Margery Two-Shoes; with the Means by which she acquired her Learning and Wisdom; and in consequence thereof her Estate; set forth at large for the Benefit of those

*Who from a State of Rags and Care,
And having Shoes but half a Pair;
Their Fortune and their Fame would fix,
And gallop in a Coach and Six."*

Mr. Welsh's introduction, which touches on the still undecided question of the authorship of the little volume, is interesting and to the point. The authorship would seem to lie between Goldsmith and Giles Jones, "although," writes Mr. Welsh, "I am by no means anxious that the honour of having written it should be ascribed either to the one or to the other."

Some of Mr. Brett's sketches, which date back as far as 1840, had already appeared in the periodical called *Mission Life*. Many readers will be grateful to him for having reprinted these and added others to them (5). Mr. Brett has an observant eye, and tells us of many interesting experiences in an interesting manner. The illustrations to the volume are perhaps hardly worthy of the letterpress.

Mr. French is bringing out a Memorial Theatre edition of Shakespeare (6), to the first volume of which is prefixed an introduction which contains one passage worthy of special note. "The editor has frequently noticed among a theatrical audience some engaged with volumes of an ordinary edition of Shakespeare endeavouring, often vainly, to follow the text during the progress of the play. He would suggest that it would be more profitable, as well as pleasurable, to read the play before going to the theatre, and to give full attention to the actors' interpretation; but those who prefer to take their books will find this edition of the greatest service, as it shows at a glance the difference between the plays as written and now acted." This is effected by the simple means of printing the passages usually omitted on the stage in smaller type than the rest; and, on the whole, the idea of the volumes is a very good one, although we are not disposed altogether to admire the editor's well-meant Bowdlerization. It may be noted that he enters a protest against the evil custom of transferring the First Lord's speech in act 2, scene 1, of *As You Like It* to Jaques.

Mr. Muddock's little work (7), which is *à propos* of the increasing popularity of Davos-Platz as a winter resort for consumptive patients, contains a full account of the place and its properties, and also some reprinted articles on the Alps in Winter. In the interest of invalids Mr. Muddock makes a protest which is probably not too strong against the employment of German stoves in the Davos hotels.

The handsome volume (8) which contains the second part of the Liverpool Free Public Library Catalogue, gives ample evidence of the care and pains devoted to the well-being of an excellent institution. The considerable improvements which have been made since the issue of the first part are touched upon in the preface contributed by Mr. P. Cowell, the Chief Librarian, under whose supervision the work is published. The "Directions and Explanations" which follow this will also serve to show that nothing has been neglected in securing the best method of cataloguing that seems attainable, and people interested in the matter may do well to study them as well as the preliminary remarks.

The special object of Miss Ridley's capital contribution to fern literature (9) has been to supply the demand for a work showing the decided special features of ferns without an entire description of each one. The little book, it should be noted, contains a full description of the necessary technical terms.

Mr. C. Brookfield's *Illustrated Sporting Glossary* (10) consists of some of the most amusing grotesque drawings which we have seen for some time, given in mock illustration of the technical terms of the racecourse. Thus, "Beachamp II. was nowhere" represents an empty course indicated by the simplest means; and "A well-known nobleman dropped a pony on the race" is illus-

trated with absurd literalness. Perhaps the best of all the sketches is "His owner had little or nothing on."

Mr. Moncure Conway's volume concerning Carlyle (11) stands out distinctly from the several pieces of book-making which followed hard upon Carlyle's death. Mr. Conway had the advantage of knowing Carlyle well, having brought letters of introduction to him when he first came to England in 1863, and it is out of notes and memories accumulated during his long friendship with Carlyle that Mr. Conway's volume has come. "However inadequately transcribed and conveyed," he writes, "these pages do faithfully follow impressions made by his (Carlyle's) own word and spirit upon my mind during an intercourse of many years." Naturally there is much matter of interest in Mr. Conway's careful record of these impressions, which it is perhaps best to let readers become acquainted with for themselves. One part of the volume which has a special interest is the collection of extracts from early letters contributed by Mr. Ireland. It is perhaps worth noting that Mr. Conway writes at the end of his preface that the Carlyle he remembers is "a man I can by no means identify with any image that can be built up out of his *Reminiscences*. I do not wish to idealize Carlyle, but cannot admit that the outcries of a broken heart should be accepted as the man's true voice, or that measurements of men and memories, as seen through burning tears, should be recorded as characteristic of his heart or judgment."

Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates* (12), of which we have now a seventeenth edition, brought down to 1881, needs no comment as to its value. It is now, as a matter of fact, more "Vincent's Dictionary of Dates" than Haydn's, though of course the credit of the original idea belongs to Haydn. The work was first published in 1841, and in 1855 Mr. Vincent was asked, and consented, to supervise a seventh edition. "This," writes Mr. Vincent in his preface, "led eventually to my undertaking its thorough renovation, which has been effected by long continued labour in revision and in selection from an abundance of valuable materials, and now little of the original work remains, the present edition containing twice as much matter as the sixth, published in 1853." It is scarcely necessary to say that, as it stands, the work is unrivalled as a book of reference, and is, in fact, what Mr. Vincent modestly says he has endeavoured to make it—more a digested summary of every department of human history than "a mere Dictionary of Dates."

A sixth edition has appeared of M. Deschanel's *Treatise on Natural Philosophy* (13), translated by Mr. Everett, who has also acted as editor, and introduced various valuable modifications and additions in the latest edition as in previous ones.

A fourth edition, revised and much enlarged, is issued of Mr. Webb's useful volume (14) devoted to furnishing the owners of Webb's telescopes with directions how to use them to the best astronomical advantage.

Mr. Arthur Evershed has brought out a second series of nine etchings from nature of Thames subjects (15) which will be welcomed by all lovers of Thames scenery and of the art of etching. Mr. Evershed's method has been this; he "took the plates (ready grounded) and needles to the riverside, and made the drawings on the copper directly from nature, 'biting-in' subsequently at home," a process by which, of course, the subjects drawn are reversed in printing. It is giving Mr. Evershed high praise to say that his treatment is worthy of the beauty of the subjects he has chosen, among which are "Kingston Bridge," "At Kew Bridge," and "Syon House." It may be desirable to add that only one hundred copies of this attractive series are issued.

The author of *Waitaruna* (16) tells us that he has aimed at giving some true pictures of life in the southern portion of the colony of New Zealand as it was a short time ago, and he seems to think that in making the attempt he has broken fresh ground. We can however assure him, without deprecating *Waitaruna*—which is a lively enough story—that we have read many books of the same calibre and dealing with the same part of the world.

Mr. McLintock undertook his translation of *Die Harzreise* (17) in consequence of "a remark in one of our leading reviews, that, while many hands had translated scraps of Heine's verse, there had not been offered to the English public any connected or complete work, and the *Reisebilder* were suggested as being suitable." Mr. McLintock's translation is, in the few passages which we have compared with the original, accurate and it runs so well and smoothly that we hope he will receive more than "the very

(11) *Thomas Carlyle*. By Moncure D. Conway. London: Chatto & Windus.

(12) *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates and Universal Information relating to all Ages and Nations*. Seventeenth Edition. Containing the History of the World to the Autumn of 1881. By Benjamin Vincent, Librarian of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, &c. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(13) *Elementary Treatise on Natural Philosophy*. By A. Privat Deschanel. Translated and edited by J. D. Everett, M.A., &c. Sixth Edition. London, Glasgow, Edinburgh and Dublin: Blackie & Son.

(14) *Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes*. By the Rev. T. W. Webb. Fourth Edition. London: Longmans & Co.

(15) *An Etcher's Rambles*. Second Series. The Thames. A Collection of Nine Etchings from Nature. By Arthur Evershed. T. Maclean, Haymarket.

(16) *Waitaruna: a Story of New Zealand Life*. By Alexander Bathgate. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(17) *A Trip to the Brocken*. By Heinrich Heine. Translated by R. McLintock. London: Macmillan. Liverpool: Adam Holden.

(4) *Goody Two-Shoes*. A Facsimile Reproduction of the Edition of 1766. With an Introduction by Charles Welsh. London: Griffith & Farran.

(5) *Mission Work among the Indian Tribes in the Forests of Guiana*. By the Rev. W. H. Brett, B.A. London: S.P.C.K. New York: Young & Co.

(6) *Shakespeare*. The Memorial Theatre Edition. *As You Like It*. *Twelfth Night*. *Much Ado About Nothing*. Edited by C. E. Flower. London: E. French.

(7) *Davos-Platz as an Alpine Winter Station for Consumptive Patients*. By J. E. Muddock. With Analytical Notes on the Foul Air, Water, and Climate, by Philip Holland. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Paris: Galvani Library.

(8) *Catalogue of the Liverpool Free Public Library*. Established by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses, 1850. Reference Department. Part II. Containing the books received from January, 1871, to December, 1880. Compiled by Authority of the Council, under the Direction of the Chief Librarian. Liverpool: Marples & Co.

(9) *A Pocket Guide to British Ferns*. By Marian S. Ridley. London: David Bogue.

(10) *The Illustrated Sporting Glossary*. By Charles H. E. Brookfield.

moderate amount of approval" which will induce him "to continue what is to him a labour of love."

Some industrious person has compiled a volume of snippets from Thackeray's writings (18). Why such volumes are compiled, who reads them, and what good the people who read them get from them, we are unable to understand.

We can do no more than name many treatises on law and new editions of well-known works. Among the former are a treatise on trade-marks, British and foreign, by Mr. Hardingham (19); an addition to Wilson's Legal Handy Books in the shape of a treatise on the Law of Horses by Mr. C. Morrell (20). To the same class belongs Mr. Roscoe's Digest of the Law of Light (21), and Mr. Shirley's "Elementary Treatise on Magisterial Law" (22). A second edition has appeared of Mr. Chalmers's "Law of Bills of Exchange" (23), with added cases, and a chapter on "Securities or Bills of Exchange." A second edition has appeared of Peel's "Practice and Procedure in Chancery Actions" (24), while Mr. J. V. Vesey Fitzgerald's "Public Health and Local Government Act," 1875 (25), has reached a third edition.

It is only necessary to notice the appearance of a ninth edition of Willich's *Popular Tables* (26), and of the twelfth volume of Royal Colonial Institute's "Report of Proceedings" (27).

(18) *Extracts from the Writings of W. M. Thackeray, chiefly Philosophical and Reflective.* London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

(19) *Trade-Marks: Notes of British, Foreign, and Colonial Law.* By George Garton Melhuish Hardingham. London: Stevens & Sons.

(20) *The Law of Horses.* By C. F. Morrell, Esq. London: Effingham Wilson.

(21) *A Digest of the Law of Light.* By E. S. Roscoe. London: Reeves & Turner. 1881.

(22) *An Elementary Treatise on Magisterial Law.* By W. T. Shirley. London: Stevens and Sons. 1881.

(23) *A Digest of the Law of Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes, and Cheques.* By M. L. Chalmers, M.A. Second Edition. London: Stevens & Sons.

(24) *A Concise Treatise on the Practice and Procedure in Chancery Actions.* By S. Peel. London: Stevens & Sons. 1881.

(25) *The Public Health and Local Government Act.* London: Waterlow Bros. & Layton.

(26) *Willich's Popular Tables.* London: Longmans & Co.

(27) *Royal Colonial Institute—Report of Proceedings.* London: Sampson Low & Co.

In reference to our article of last week on "Vegetarianism," Dr. Anna Kingsford complains that our "confession of ignorance" as to whether her thesis by itself obtained for her the degree of M.D. at the Paris University is calculated to injure her in her profession. We are sorry that Mrs. Kingsford should have taken seriously what was meant in another manner; and we may now tell her that our readers are probably as well aware as ourselves of the high standing universally accorded to the Paris medical degree, and of the completeness of its guarantee for the efficient training of those to whom it is given.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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